

A hand holding a glowing orb with a caduceus symbol. The background is a vibrant blue and purple with abstract, swirling patterns and light rays. A large, stylized number '1' is positioned to the right of the text.

정용(正龍) 현대판타지 소설

1

골든타임

GOLDEN TIME

MUNPIA
장르문학의 유토피아, 글세상 문피아

Golden Time

- 골든타임 -

- Volume 1 -

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[Pyoncs (Gravity Tales)]

- STORY -

A story about a doctor who's sent back in time to his teenage self who lost all his memories due to a severe accident and was trapped in a coma.

Now, retaining only his medical knowledge and reawakened with a new mindset, follow him on his journey as he uses his medical knowledge to save lives and lead him onto the path of becoming the greatest doctor of his time!

Chapter 1

A white space with an unknowable end.

It was all that he could see. No, in the distance, he seemed to see a certain object that he could not quite discern.

He slowly moved to that place.

How far did he walk?

Gradually the identity of that object came into his vision.

A man wearing a green gown and a mask.

It was surely a doctor in a surgical suit.

The man's identity was all the more clear because everything else was all white.

There was another man in front of him, lying flat on a wire rack that could be used in the kitchen of a restaurant.

A doctor, who had been immersed in thinking over something, was looking down on that man, when his head turned to one side.

At that moment, the gazes of the student and the doctor watching that man's condition were entangled in the air.

Unlike the student who stepped back flinchingly, the doctor's eyes were filled with wrinkles. He was smiling. He lifted his hand slowly, making some gestures as if he were beckoning the student, and whenever he did so, there was something shining in his hand.

It was none other than a scalpel used to incise a patient's abdomen.

That man lying on the cold wire rack.

His stomach, bulging like a balloon, beating as if it were like a heart.

"An aortic aneurysm."

As always, the man wearing a mask spoke.

The aorta plays a role in distributing blood pumped by the heart into all parts of the body. The aorta originates from the left ventricle of the heart, 2 or 3 cm in diameter, and ends at both sides of the buttocks. Simple and uncomplicated, it is called the human highway.

The masked man stared at the student, touching the man's swollen abdomen with a scalpel's edge.

"What the hell is wrong here?" muttered the student who had been pondering over something.

"Abdominal aortic aneurysm."

The masked man's eyes looked satisfactorily, asking, "Why did it swell up like this?"

"I can figure out the details if I incise the abdomen, but I think the aorta seems to have been enlarged between the thoracic diaphragm and the pelvic diaphragm," said the student.

The smile reflected in the masked man's eyes became more noticeable, but a hard voice came out of his mouth, "So, is he going to live or die?"

"It's an emergency situation. I have to open up his abdomen, remove the enlarged parts, and connect the artificial blood vessels," said the student.

"Why?" asked the masked man.

"Otherwise the aorta may burst and he may die shortly after. Medication treatment is impossible," the student replied.

"Why don't you quickly open it up?" questioned the masked man.

Nodding his head, the student held out his hand in the air.

"Scalpel."

No sooner did he say that than a nurse appeared instantly, handing a scalpel to the student's hand. It was always like this.

Right before the surgery, the assistants were already at the operating room without a sound. Just like ghosts. It was exactly the 27th surgery today.

"I will open it up," said the student.

The assistants moved briskly in step with the student's hands, and the masked man watched quietly with his arms folded.

Since then, the student performed numerous surgeries. Actually, too many for him to count.

And today, he could hear some strange words from the masked man.

"This time, it is your turn."

'What did he mean by that?'

The assistants who appeared like ghosts grabbed the student firmly, and they forcibly laid him down on a wire rack. He struggled to get out of it but could not.

Shackles that could be used for mental patients were placed on his ankles and arms, restraining his movement.

"He has to go back now."

Hearing the masked man's words, the student moved his head to one side.

Weeeeing... The sharp cog in the masked man's hand turned fiercely. He was clearly intending to open the student's brain. The moment the student, with his eyes opened in strain, was about to open his mouth, the masked man snapped his fingers.

Snap!

Chapter 2

Suhyuk's eyes opened suddenly. At the same time, a dazzling fluorescent light hit his cornea. With a deep frown, he suddenly raised his upper body.

No, he just barely made it up, but soon after collapsed in his bed helplessly.

'Were my muscles siphoned from my body?'

It was the first thought that came to his mind after Suhyuk opened his eyes.

He could not feel any strength in his body.

At that moment, he felt a sharp pain in his left arm. He naturally gazed toward it.

There was a Ringer solution (IV fluid) stuck in his boney arm.

He rolled his eyes quickly and looked around.

As he expected, the place seemed to be a hospital.

'By the way, who am I?'

All his memories were lost. There was nothing he could think of.

Barely moving his spiritless body, Suhyuk began to check his condition.

It's normal, normal, normal.

There were no other unusual symptoms on his body, except for the missing muscles caused by his laying in bed for a long period of time.

"Vitamin, amino..."

Suhyuk muttered, checking various kinds of label attached to the Ringer solution.

All were IV fluids to inject nutrients into the body. That made sense as he could not

eat food with his mouth.

How long had he been lying on the bed? It's been quite a long time. His body proved it.

For example, his arms looked skinny like crumbly trunks, and he lost his muscles.

He felt very languid and tired. He needed absolute rest.

Suhyuk once again lay in bed in a relaxed posture. Eyes closed, he was absorbed in thought. Did the surgery by the masked man go well?

'Who the hell did crazy things like opening up the brains of a normal person?'

Eyes closed, Suhyuk touched his head once again.

He found no scar there. *'The masked man... Was it all a dream?'*

It was so vivid in his memory as if he could touch it.

Suhyuk's thinking did not last long. And he could now draw a conclusion.

It was a dream. *'What happened? What the hell was going on?'*

'And I...' In just a moment he fell quietly into sleep.

"This patient was brought to the emergency room from a cardiac arrest. By performing CPR and injecting epinephrine into his heart, we could save his heart but he could not wake up because he was in a coma. And there was no wound in his body, including his head. Does anybody want to present their opinion?"

Suhyuk was forced to wake up from the noise around him.

He slowly lifted his heavy eyebrows.

Those wearing white gowns came into his vision, along with their startled look.

"Professor, the patient has awakened!"

The eyes of the interns checking Suhyuk's condition while making their last round,

opened wide. They were not the only ones. Even the professor who confirmed Suhyuk's condition was equally dumbfounded. The patient who rushed into the hospital emergency room failed to wake up after he had fallen into a coma.

He was literally a person in vegetative state.

Obviously everybody was surprised to find out that the patient, who had been lying in bed like a dead man for three months, woke up like a miracle.

Suhyuk gathered up his uncomfortable upper body barely from his bed and sat down, leaning against the bed.

"I think I have befallen with amnesia."

The professor blinked his eyes. Suhyuk came to his senses suddenly, and now he was saying he was befallen with amnesia. He might be very confused, but he looked calm and composed on the contrary. The professor calmed his mind, and asked,

"You got into a car accident, and were carried into the emergency room. Don't you remember anything? Can you recall your name?"

Suhyuk shook his head. He could not recall any single name.

The professor showed him a chart and showed all the names there. Suhyuk read and said with muttering.

"Lee Suhyuk."

"Good. that's your name. Can you recall it again next time?"

"Yes, I do not think I'm befallen with anterograde amnesia," Suhyuk said.

As he remembered he had an IV fluid in his arm, it seemed clear that he did not have anterograde amnesia.

Anterograde amnesia refers to a symptom that does not translate short-term memory into long-term memory. In other words, you can not easily remember what you did a while ago if you have that symptom.

Obviously his symptom was not what he was worried about.

"Mr. Kim, please contact Lee Suhyuk's guardians."

A professor, who made rounds with interns, gazed at Suhyuk again, saying,

"I guess you must studied medical science a lot?"

The professor, saying softly to Suhyuk, was startled in his heart. Here was a 16 year old child, who just woke up from a vegetative state, and who now could make a diagnosis by himself!

His behavior seems to be getting more and more exciting.

Now, he has a complete mastery of the types of amnesia.

"How long was I lying here for?" Suhyuk asked.

"For three months," replied the professor.

"Without any consciousness?"

The professor slowly nodded his head and this time, Suhyuk was surprised.

That was a state of persistent vegetation beyond a coma.

Certain medical death. Nonetheless he woke up?

He was lucky. No, that word is not enough to express such a situation. In this case, miracle was the right expression. What kind of traffic accident was it? It must have been a big accident. Fortunately, his limbs are still okay, and then he could guess the name of the pathology that drove him into the vegetative state.

"Did I have a cardiac arrest?"

Chapter 3

The professor laughed dumbfoundedly. He was only a junior in middle school and yet he could predict cardiac arrest. No, that's not a prediction, but a certain diagnosis. The student who had been brought to the emergency room arrived in an arrested heart condition. His heart was made to beat again, but his brain had already been damaged due to hypoxia. The sustained deep coma lead to the condition of a vegetative state.

"Your heart was arrested for more than five minutes. Is your dream to be a doctor?"

The professor, who was supposed to examine Suhyuk's body closely, forgot his job briefly due to his irrelevant remarks. He just felt surprised and embarrassed by the fact that what he had to explain came out of the patient's mouth one by one. Hearing the professor's word, Suhyuk nodded his head as if he already knew it.

"I just do not know."

'Did I have any dream at all? What kind of dream was I dreaming? What was I dreaming to be?'

As he had lost his memory, he could not figure it out, but he had a vague idea that he certainly did not dream to be a doctor. It was because he felt very uncomfortable when he incised a patient's abdomen with a scalpel in his dream. Of course, he pretty much got used to it over time.

"Do you see this?"

The professor picked up a pen and moved it left to right slowly. Suhyuk's eye followed the pen at an appropriate speed. The professor confirmed his condition while speaking with him constantly, and he soon could present his own diagnosis. The student's reaction and mind were perfectly normal. It was really doubtful whether he had been in a vegetative state.

Of course, he can find out the details with a thorough examination later.

At that moment, a middle-aged woman came into the patient's room hastily. She was a woman in her late 40s, her hair tied back.

"Oh my god, Suhyuk!"

Suhyuk felt instinctively that it was his mom.

Although he can't remember her face, he felt something sticky deep in his heart, with the same blood vein flowing between them.

"I knew it, my son. I knew my son would wake up soon."

She was so joyful that she cried warm tears, caressing and touching Suhyuk's face again and again.

"I think he had amnesia," the professor said.

"What did you say?" she asked. The professor's word made her eyes red-hot like a rabbit's.

"Your son has lost all of his memories from before he had the accident."

Her hands, touching Suhyuk's face, shuddered.

"So, what will happen to my son, sir?"

"I have to check it out further, but my opinion is that his condition is all good except for his amnesia." His condition is good? 'Good' is not enough to express his condition.

Even though he opened his eyes casually, he already had his brain damaged. That was a very natural outcome for any man who suffered disability. Nonetheless, the patient was unbelievably normal. Doctors say this is a miracle when they cannot come up with any proper medical explanation.

"It's okay. If you are healthy, that's more than enough for me. It's alright, Suhyuk."

With pitiful eyes toward son, she dragged his face to her chest. She patted him on the back and soothed him, who must have been surprised as well.

Suhyuk, who threw himself into his mom's chest, could feel her heart beating hard. Is there a better melody in the world than this? His mother's bosom was as warm and sweet as ever. If he closes his eyes while like this, feeling snug and warm enough in her chest, he could fall asleep instantly.

"Suhyuk!"

Suddenly, a middle-aged man came into the room. He was a slim, middle-aged man with a short sports hairstyle and height of about 165cm. A callus had formed on each of his fingers, suggesting he had done some hard labour.

'Father... '



Suhyuk had to undergo rehabilitation treatment at the hospital. Since he had not used his body for a long time, he found it really hard to walk. Getting rehabilitation treatment quietly, however, he gathered information about himself. He had a family of three, namely father and mother, and himself, the only child.

His father and mother must have supported their only son materially and spiritually. His mother cleaned the building, and his father did rough manual labour on a daily basis with his hands full of calluses. Now he needed to identify one more person from his family.

'Lee Suhyuk, what kind of guy were you?'

When he had no difficulty walking around after a little over a week's treatment, Suhyuk went through the discharge process at the hospital.

"Go on a bus?" Suhyuk's mother, Kim Myunghee, who just came out of the hospital along with her son, asked with a worried look. Because her son never used a bus normally. Still she asked it because her son might be scared of a taxi ride due to the after effects of his accident.

Suhyuk answered with a smile, "Doesn't matter, taxi or bus." As he didn't know how to get back home anyway, and he was not sure about the taxi's efficiency compared to the bus due to having lost his memory.

"Good for you!"

Kim Myunghee took a taxi her son liked. Soon they arrived at the destination and got off the taxi. It was an old four-story villa with corridors. She took a small sigh when Suhyuk slowly glanced at the villa. He could not recall anything about it.

"As the doctor said, sometimes your memory can come back quite soon. So, don't be stressed, okay, son?"

As Suhyuk nodded his head, she started to walk ahead. As was the case with an old villa, there was no elevator. Suhyuk, who came up to the third floor, calmed his breathing with a deep breath. He felt short of breath even after walking up only a few stairs.

He apparently needed constant exercise in order to regain his normal condition.

Room 302. Kim Myunghee rolled up her sleeves and opened the door facing the kitchen.

"This is your room. Are you hungry? Let me cook the rolled egg you like very much. So, can you wait a bit?" she said.

"Take your time Mom," said Suhyuk.

As he stepped over the threshold of the room, she stared silently at the back of her son. That gentle look and smiling face of her son's. It has been quite a long time she saw it again. While she felt pitiful about her son who had an accident, she wore a warm smile on her face.

There was nothing special about the room. There was a bed, a desk, a computer, and a uniform on the hanger. Looking at the room slowly, Suhyuk approached the desk. Textbooks and notes lay here and there disorderly. Suhyuk pulled out a workbook from the bookshelf and quickly turned it over indifferently. At a glance he found the workbook filled with lots of notes. It was rugged as he used the book countless times.

"I think I should have studied very hard," Suhyuk thought to himself.

Then he opened the desk drawer. Eraser, ruler, ink stone and all kinds of things were mingled in a messy way.

"I should have cleaned it up."

When Suhyuk mumbled, he noticed something shining deep inside the drawer.

"What is it?"

It took him some time for him to take it out because it was buried deeply amongst lots of disordered things. It was a diary slightly larger than his palm. There was a toy-like lock shining on it. Giggling a bit, Suhyuk scouted around the room to find the small key. But it was not seen anywhere.

Suhyuk, who was staring at the outside of the diary, grabbed the lock with his hand. If he could give it a hard push, it seemed it would break easily. As expected, the lock broke easily. Suhyuk had some expectation. A diary is another face of its master. It was a good opportunity for him to find out a little about himself. He turned over the first chapter.

<I want to die. I want to kill everybody... >

Suhyuk, stared emptily at those words in the diary, then looked at his face in the mirror hanging next to him.

"What kind of guy are you?"

Suhyuk could find out a little about himself after browsing through the diary. He was a wangtta^[1] or an outcast, picked out by students at the worst ratio of probability. The contents of the diary in which he, taking a pessimistic view of himself, cursed specific figures made him predict he was like that.

As there was no more information he could find in there, he had no other choice but to confront his past self, written in the diary, in order to find out more about himself.



It has already been a week since he came home from the hospital. Suhyuk, who got up early in the morning, changed his uniform and looked in the mirror. Pretty good face. On the contrary, his current appearance couldn't be more pitiful.

Knock, knock, knock.

"Suhyuk, breakfast is ready."

Kim Myunghee, who entered the room while knocking, seemed a bit surprised.

"Why are you in your school uniform?"

"Because I have to go to school."

He checked the school location and transportation while he was resting at home. He also contacted the school office and told them that he would go to school as soon as it opened. That was today. Including vacation days, he lagged behind his friends by two months in terms of his school work. Study was the duty of students. He had to work twice as hard as others in order to catch up.

"You're not quite well, and you need a little more rest..."

She could not remove her anxious look from her face. Although he had no trouble walking around, he still had not recovered memory; and he changed too much. He used to come back home, full with an annoyed expression on his face. He was also confined to his own room, never showing his face. As a result, conversation between them stayed disconnected. However, he was a completely different man after the accident. His face emitted vigor, and his manner of speaking also changed as if he became a mature person. It was obviously a good change for him, but parents had a different perspective. They tend to worry first, because their children might be sick or something might go wrong.

Is this kind of change a poison or medicine for him?

Suhyuk said, "Let me go to school."

She did not hold him back from walking out of the porch, because she could feel he was very much determined. Instead, she tucked two notes of 10,000 won into his pocket.

"Use the money to buy school supplies."

Suhyuk did not refuse the money. When her hand reached deep into his pocket, he could feel her warm feelings in his heart.

"Can you find your way to the school alone? Can I give you a ride?"

"No, strange enough, I remember the road to the school," he lied.

He said it to relieve his mother 's worries.

"Okay, let me go," he said.

"Yeah, goodbye. If something happens, don't forget to call Mom. Okay, son?"

Suhyuk, wearing a smile on his face, nodded and walked out of the house.



Suhyuk looked at the strange main entrance of the school. He couldn't recall anything. There was simply nothing he could figure out about the school. Just nothing. He said to himself, *'My homeroom teacher asked to see me first.'*

Going into the school, Suhyuk stopped by the teachers' office, checking the nameplate, to see the teacher. Casually dressed, the teacher inside had a good impression. He grabbed Suhyuk's hands warmly and opened his lips.

"How about your condition? If you don't feel good, you can take absence of school without thinking immediately," the teacher said.

Suhyuk replied, "I'm okay."

The teacher took a slow but careful gaze of him looking up and down. He seemed a little leaner than before, but he apparently had no problems. *'How could a boy like him have been in a vegetative state?'* He just could not believe it.

"Thank God. Was it amnesia? Do you remember which class you were in?" asked the teacher.

Suhyuk replied, "No, I don't. I think I have to recall everything one by one from now on."

The homeroom teacher showed an expression as if he were proud of him. In fact, Suhyuk looked always recoiled and shrunk, without any confidence, but he overcame his big illness and showed a different air.

"Sir, how was my grade?", Suhyuk asked.

The teacher laughed pleasantly. He could reply with confidence.

"Great," the teacher said.

"How great?" Suhyuk asked.

"You finished fourth in the midterm exam."

Suhyuk nodded his head because that grade was something he guessed at to some degree. While they were talking, a regular morning conference was approaching.

"Let's stand up," the teacher said, and began to prepare class materials such as the attendance book.

"I'll wait outside," said Suhyuk.

The teacher, who fixed his gaze on the back of Suhyup, muttered, "He has changed a lot."

He had to. With past memories lost, Suhyuk now cherished only the one man he met in his dream. That dream was very vivid, like reality. In his dream, the man was in his early or mid-50s. How long was he together with that man? Suhyuk had been lying in vegetative condition for three months, but the timeframe of his dream was longer than that beyond comparison. He had inevitably become more mature and gentle as a result of his dealing with a man much older than him in his dream.

Class 7 of his 3rd school year (8th grade) in middle school. Suhyuk, who visited the classroom with his homeroom teacher, introduced himself to his classmates and sat down in the designated seat. As soon as the brief morning meeting was over, the classroom suddenly became loud with noise. Unfamiliar faces came up one by one, and they said hello to Suhyuk.

"Is it really amnesia?" they asked.

"I'm fine," Suhyuk replied.

Nodding to them gently, Suhyuk had some doubts in heart. Wasn't he an outcast? He felt his initial thoughts about himself while he browsed through the diary was mistaken. While thinking about the complexities of the past, his first class was over and a break time came.

"Lee Suhyuk, if you had amnesia, you must have forgotten us, too?"

Three students, namely one touching his horn-rimmed glasses, the other one with cheerful smiles, and the third one with a poker-face, came to see him. They were different in their appearances, but had one thing in common. Their eyes were shining

strangely, which could be found in nerds with a peculiar air.

Editor Notes:

[1] 'wangtta' is a Korean slang term. It has the meaning of someone avoided by his or her friends by all means as a subject of mockery and bullying at times. It is both the person themselves and the action and does not have a direct translation in English.

Chapter 4

After confirming the three students' name plates, Suhyuk looked up at them. *'They were you guys.'* His diary was full of contents about his self-deprecation, or words of abuse and cursing toward others. However, their names were mentioned most often in the diary: Choi Inbae, Kim Insoo, Kim Donghyuk. These were the very names. What kind of harassment did he get from them? Suhyuk opened his mouth,

"It's been ages since we met last time?"

"Yeah, three months."

Choi Inbae, who kept a close eye on his hands while touching his horn-rimmed glasses, opened his mouth again, "Can't you really remember us?"

When Suhyuk, smiling bitterly, nodded his head, Kim Donghyuk, who looked like a mischief, asked, "Have you forgotten everything you studied?"

"Well..."

He wasn't sure because he did not study in earnest. Maybe what he had learned might have been erased from his memory.

Why are these guys approaching him in a kind manner? Because they want to harass him in a different way this time? Not only they, but also the rest of the classmates came to inquire after him with a worried look. Were all the classmates trying to deceive him? He didn't feel that way. Obviously they had a sincere look. He felt confused with all the complicated thoughts again.

"I think I have to introduce myself again. I'm Kim Donghyuk, let's pal around like before."

Donghyuk reached out his hands to Suhyuk. Suhyuk did not hesitate to grab his hand. The Lee Suhyuk, who had been harassed and behaved like a loser in the past, had died a long time ago. Suhyuk wore a dry smile, looking at Donghyuk. *'That stupid guy of me in the past could have suffered a lot, but I'm not that type anymore.'*

"I'm Suhyuk at your service."

Using recess time, Suhyuk exchanged a brief and clear conversation with them, and he heard from them something he could not understand. Namely, the four of them, including him, studied together, and did that every day, including on the weekends, without skipping. More dumbfounding to him was that it was Suhyuk himself that made the study group. He could not believe it.

"When are you coming back to the study meeting?"

He did not think long before answering, "After I take about ten days' rest".

Just like a bridle that can not be separated, it keeps spinning round and round on the same spot if you try to avoid the answer. What if they harass me with bullying? He'd given up such a stupid idea long before. Fighting with them? Winning is simple. You do not have to think hard. You win if you go to the extreme. With his normal two eyes opened wide, Suhyuk had no intention at all to get the harassment like before.



One week had passed since Suhyuk came back to school. In the meantime, there was no one who harassed him. On the contrary, some students came to see him with math textbooks or workbooks for help. Fortunately, he still could teach them easily with some of the knowledge he obtained before. But there were some problems he could not solve. When Suhyuk shook his head, saying he did not know how to solve them, they said in unison,

"You look the same as ever."

This is what happened before he lost memory: Suhyuk consistently said that to those asking him to teach math formulas that he did not know. Nonetheless, he belonged to the top tier whenever he took math exams. They were right in thinking Suhyuk did not teach them on purpose. Of course, that was something Suhyuk could not remember now...

"Is there anything you can recall about this?"

Suhyuk shook his head when Donghyuk questioned. Spending time together at the same study group, they often came to see him at recess. Funnily, all three belonged to

different classrooms? He must have been such a big pushover; enough to bring them back even if they belonged to different classes.

"I still can't recall anything yet."

When Suhyuk replied, they expressed regret, but did not forget to offer encouragement.

"Recess time is up. We have to go."

Waving their hands, the three turned back. At that moment Suhyuk raised his eyebrows a bit because he felt his head throbbed painfully. When he saw them leaving the classroom, with waving hands, there was something very familiar to him about their appearance from behind. Something Suhyuk must have seen before. It was really a brief moment that a certain scene from the past went through his mind like a flash. The appearance of someone turning back, waving at him in the street. Suhyuk laughed silently, looking at them. And he could feel the same feeling that he had had at the time.

A sense of relief, a sense of victory. What does it mean? Suhyuk intensely focused not to miss any memory that came to his mind like puzzle pieces. It seemed as if this could act as a starting point from which all his memories locked up so deep inside could burst out like dam water. But it turned out a vain wish. Even though all the classes were over and the day's last class meeting was approaching, he could not recall any more.

"Hi guys, go straight home instead of hanging around at the PC rooms."

As soon as the homeroom teacher said that, the students went out the classroom like a tide. Soohyuk, who had been thinking about something, also moved his body. His thinking did stop until he arrived home and changed his clothes. Why? Why did he wear a victorious smile when he should find himself shuddering at them like before? No matter how he tried to understand, there were too many things incomprehensible to him.

"Hah..."

With a long sigh, Suhyuk gave up such thoughts completely. If he had anything he could recall with utmost efforts, he could have done so very easily. He felt he could recall some more if he felt more relaxed.

Suhyuk checked the wall clock. It was heading for 7 o'clock pm. It was time for his mother to come back after her building cleaning work. As soon as he thought of it, he heard Kim Myonghee opening the door.

As Suhyuk went out into the living room, she was returning with a smile as expected. Instead of a proper padding jumper, she was dressed in several suits of cloth, which made Suhyuk's mind bittersweet.

"Son, did you go to school well today?"

"Yes Mom..."

Embarrassed, Suhyuk cast his eye down at her. Although his mom smiled, she was limping severely.

Chapter 5

Suhyuk hastily approached his mother.

"What's wrong with your legs?"

She came into the living room as if it were nothing. Of course, she was limping. She sat on the dining table, telling him not to worry.

"Son, you must have been surprised quite a bit. I just sprained my ankles. I'll be alright easily after one night."

He didn't care about her mother's words. Having knelt on one knee, Suhyuk carefully put her feet on his thigh and slowly peeled off her thick socks.

"Ha..."

A short sigh came from Suhyuk. Did she say she felt alright? Her feet were swollen with some bruising. Every time she moved, she must have felt a sharp pain from the sprained ankles.

"With an ice pack, my ankles will heal quickly. Did you eat? You should have dinner. Let me prepare it quickly..."

"I already ate."

Suhyuk held his mother who was trying to stand up.

"Have you sprained your ankles before?"

With a warm smile on her face, she looked down at Suhyuk. She could feel son's warm heart right away.

"No, I should have been more careful. So clumsy..."

Suhyuk felt relieved. Fortunately, when he checked her ankle sprain, it was not a chronic ankle instability. That meant it could not get worse from here on. Suhyuk

examined her ankles more closely. Her ankles had a little bruising, but there were no symptoms of skin redness around them. Then? *'Is it 1st degree ankle sprain?'*

Ankle sprain is divided into three stages: the rupture of the ligament tissue is a 2nd degree sprain; and when the ligament supporting the calf bone and ankle joint is ruptured, it is a 3rd degree sprain. This is the most severe stage, and because there is no medium that can hold the joints, there arises a dislocation between the bones of the joint. As the ligament is totally cut off, it causes bleeding in the body, and the symptom can be seen with the naked eye. Feet get swollen and bruised heavily as if blood has permeated into the skin. On the contrary, the pain can get lesser due to stiffened muscle. His mom was a fortunate case.

He did not see any such symptom on her ankles. Only the tissue around her ligament fibers seemed to have been damaged. In other words, she pulled a ligament, which was a 1st degree ankle sprain. Still, there might arise an anomaly related to her sprain, so he could not be 100% sure.

"Mom, do we have a bandage at home?"

"I guess not. I'm really okay."

All he could find at home were some pills and ointments. He then started to tear off his T-shirt without hesitation. And he tightened her ankle joints and fixed the ankle joint ligaments to reduce the secondary damage by minimizing any burden on the ligament.

"Suhyuk, Mom is really..."

Even before he recognized his mom's defiant voice, it fell deaf to his ear because he was thinking about something else. *'What does this son of a gun mean to her? Mom must have done her best to do something for him...'*

"Did you walk back home?" asked Suhyuk.

Did she walk home with her sprained ankles? A distance of a 15-minute car ride? He was heartbroken as if he had some rock stuck in his heart.

"I'm really okay. I just made a mistake. I was just a little bit hurt," she said.

Kim Myunghee, smiling softly, stroked his head slowly.

He stood up.

"Let's go to the hospital."

He felt his mom's sprained ankles needed to be examined with medical devices. Even if her sprains were 1st degree, the sprains, left untreated, could develop into a chronic condition followed by periodic spraining.

"Come on," Suhyuk prodded again, and she nodded.

In the past, her son used to get very irritable if he felt something uncomfortable in his mind. If he did so, a chilling feeling between them lasted for a week. She silently obliged this time before he showed his old habit. Though she disagreed with her son, she, supported by her son, moved her body to leave home...



The moment Suhyuk arrived at the hospital, he sought the doctor right away.

"I think she has a 1st degree ankle sprain. As I'm not so sure, I want to have her checked with x-rays to confirm it."

The doctor raised one of his fingers and scratched his head. *'Who the hell is this boy now diagnosing and checking her condition? He is only a child.'*

Actually the doctor himself thought of doing an x-ray test as he found no blood stains on her sprained ankles and only saw her limping.

When Kim Myunghee's X-ray photo was displayed on the chart, Suhyuk looked at it quietly. There was no gap between the bones of the joint. Other areas were normal. As expected, it was a 1st degree sprain. Fortunate for her.

The doctor said with a light smile, "As you can see..."

Saying this, the doctor was forced to laugh awkwardly because that little boy came up with the full diagnosis of his mother.

"Fortunately, it's not a big injury. It looks like a light bruise. You will be alright after a few day's rest. You need to wear a cast, though," the doctor explained.

As for a sprained ankle, one can compress the ankle with a bandage, but recovery is faster when the ankle cannot move at all. Kim Myunghee, staring at her son blankly, smiled. *'Was my son's dream to be a doctor?'*

"Sir, do you think what my son said makes any sense?" Kim asked.

"You have a smart son," the doctor replied.

"My son is very good at studying too." Her face became much brighter.



A few days passed in an instant, and finally the weekend came. Choi Inbae, Kim Insoo, Kim Donghyuk. It was the day when they were supposed to have a study session.

Suhyuk was already informed of the destination. It was Kim Insoo's house. It was the same from the beginning, which Suhyuk could not believe. What are they up to? He did not avoid this.

After he took textbooks and workbooks mechanically, Suhyuk left for Kim's house, which took him 40 minutes. It was a huge duplex apartment that looked expensive even at a glance. Actually it had a reputation as an expensive place. After confirming the unit number and the floor of Kim's place, Suhyuk did not hesitate to enter the complex.

Ding Dong.

When he pressed the bell, the intercom screen flashed and turned off. Someone inside only confirmed Suhyuk's image. The guy who opened the door smiled lightly, a very handsome guy just like a pin-up boy. It was Kim Insoo.

"Come on in. This is your first visit here, right?"

As he had lost memory, it was like his first visit anyway.

Chapter 6

The porch of Kim Insoo's house was slightly larger than Suhyuk's room. No, it looked even bigger, more than twice its size. This was only the beginning. The huge glass windows occupying one wall in the spacious living room displayed a cool scenery off the outside. While Suhyuk was looking around with a strange gaze, Kim Insoo's mother came over with a smile. Jewels and accessories shaking around her body unusually.

"It's been a long time since I last saw you. Are you ok now?" she asked.

'Even she knows me?' he thought to himself. Suhyuk showed a smile just like her's.

"Yes, thank you for your concern."

"Yes, I was so worried about you. I'm so glad you're okay."

"We're going to study now," Insoo said.

However, she added one last word, "Suhyuk, do me a favor once again. Please teach Insoo well."

At a glance, Insoo was from a rich family. *"Then, why is he trying to learn from me instead of going to a private academy or getting a private tutor?"*

"Let's go to the room," said Insoo.

Among many rooms in his house, he pulled out the door knocker of the room located at the far end.

When the door was opened, there was a room that could rightly be called as a study. The bookshelf, filled with the books, was tall enough to reach the ceiling. And there was a luxurious table in the middle.

"Come on in!"

"You came to the right place," said his friends.

Choi Inbae touching his horn-rimmed glasses, and Kim Donghyuk making a strange smile were standing there. They welcomed Suhyuk.

"Your seat is over there," said Insoo.

Suhyuk went to take his seat by a square rectangular table. Inbae and Donghyuk sat on both sides of the table while Suhyuk sat on their opposite. Obviously Suhyuk was given an upper seat.

When Suhyuk felt uncomfortable at the seat placement, they just giggled.

"It was your seat, and it was also your favorite seat."

Suhyuk, nodding slowly, took out the books from his bag and put them on the table.

'Now, show me the surprise you guys have prepared for me. Things will be different from the past.'

"Suhyuk, if you do not know anything, ask us. You might not recall much of what you learned as you lost memory."

"Thank you."

"You're welcome. Our grades went up a lot thanks to your help. Insoo came out at the top in the entire school."

Originally, it was Suhyuk who came at the top in his school. For some reason, when Suhyuk became a junior, Insoo came out at the top, while Donghyuk and Inbase came in 2nd and 3rd respectively. Besides, Suhyuk's grade fell down like a steep downhill. He was placed 4th in his class, and 20th in his school. The current Suhyuk could not know that.

"Well, as all the members are here, let's get down to work!"

As soon as Donghyeok said that, their study began. The surroundings were very quiet, except when they turned over books and moved their sharp pencils. That was the only sound. *'These guys are really serious about studying?'* Suhyuk thought to himself.

They were concentrating, with their eyes fixed on their books.

Suhyuk felt stuffy. He could feel their studying atmosphere, but their real motivation was invisible as if it were obscured by black fog.

After watching them silently, Suhyuk finally opened his mouth,

"I'm sorry to interrupt you guys as you're fully focused, but can I ask you a few questions?"

Their eyes were fixed on Suhyuk.

"Did you notice a problem you do not understand?"

"Please ask any questions."

"Thank you. Don't get me wrong about what I have to say from now on."

Suhyuk, who caught his breath tightly, spoke again.

"Have you ever harassed me?"

At that moment, their faces suddenly stiffened, with a deeply distrustful look. But their hostile look lasted a very short time, so Suhyuk did not notice it.

"What is it? Don't talk rot!"

"Did you have a dream? How could we do that to you?"

'Were they intent to do their mischief to me to the end, not caring at all what they had done to me in the past?' His diary was full of curses he hurled about them. Did he do it even when he was not harassed by them? He could not understand.

"I just want to know for sure what our relationship was like," Suhyuk said.

Inbae, touching his glasses, said, "I think you seem to be confused, but that's understandable as you had amnesia. We've been friends since we're freshmen in the same middle school. And this meeting came about thanks to your idea. As the top student in the whole school, you taught us how to study. Private academy tutoring? Actually, you taught us better than they did, and your teaching method was much more interesting too. Did we feel like that because we're the same age? Anyway, thanks to your help, our grades went up, and we are very much grateful to you."

They all nodded, seeing eye to eye to Inbae's remarks. Anyhow, it was true that they appreciated his help because their grades went up.

"Now, how could we harass you? That's nonsense!"

He could read some sort of sincerity on their facial expressions.

Should he believe all their words?

"I'm sorry, but I cannot believe you, to be honest."

Were they hurt by Suhyuk's response? Or did they give up being patient with him any longer? Insoo stood up from his seat. He looked at Suhyuk coldly. In a hostile mood as if he wanted to throw a punch at him, he slowly turned around the table to approach Suhyuk.

Surrounded by books, the study had an eerie atmosphere where a man could be killed without uttering even one word.

Suhyuk, with eyes fixed firmly on Insoo's face, was putting his head to work to prepare for any contingent situation. This is how long it takes for visual information to be delivered to the brain: first through the cornea, then the lens, vitreous body, retina, and finally through the visual nerve will the visual information be transmitted to the brain.

To make a judgement adding all this up together, it takes only about 0.2 second for the body to react immediately. Can Suhyuk escape his fist? It does not matter if he cannot.

Suhyuk grabbed his chair firmly by turning his hand backward while sitting. Bold enough. He was intent to use the chair as a blunt weapon just in case. *'Let me pay back the pain twice as much as a silly Suhyuk of the past suffered from you.'*

"What makes you get stiff like that?"

Wearing a relaxed look, Insoo approached Suhyuk instantly and patted him on the shoulder. Then he picked one of several cups next to him and poured tea from a tumbler. Steam began to roll up from the tea cup, and its delicate fragrance smelled superb.

"I hope that your memory will come back quickly, so that your misunderstanding can

clear up," he said. Insoo gave tea to Suhyuk.

"Well, drink it, and you'll feel better. You used to like it."

"Thanks," Suhyuk said, taking his cup to his lips.

Did he really misunderstand? Should he give up his existing perceptions about them and take a different approach? When Suhyuk took a sip of tea and put down the cup, Insoo opened his mouth,

"Suhyuk, what does retributive justice mean? Suddenly I can't understand what it means." Kim Insoo showed a eerie smile.



After returning home from studying, Suhyuk lay in bed. He felt dizzy and languid, in body and soul. If he closed his eyes, he felt like he would just fall asleep instantly. Looking at the fluorescent lamp, his eyes slowly closed.

"What the hell..."

He could not find any malice from the study group members. Not only from them, but also from his other classmates. It seemed as if his thoughts were in a muddle and sucked into a black hole. Suhyuk fell into sleep.



At that very moment he woke up from his bed. He opened the desk drawer and took out the diary. He was determined to peruse it again. At that moment, something shiny in the disturbed drawer caught Suhyuk's eye. It was a paper-bundle of medicine. '*What is this?*' It was something he had not found before. Suhyuk brought his hand to the medicine.

At that very moment, his head throbbed painfully, conjuring up a certain scene from the past: *He smashed pills into powder, and poured it into a tumbler with a smile. 'How dare you bastards beat me in grades? You bastards never returning my favor! The first place in the class is mine!' <Drink this. They say it will help you memorize things better> <Thank you, Suhyuk. You're the one we can turn to. >*

Remnants of memories kept passing through Suhyuk's head. He was completing the pieces of the puzzle little by little: *'As I teach you like this, you have got to return my favor with this kind of gift at the least.'* An image appears of him slipping an earring into his pocket at Insoo's house. *'Why! Why does my grade keep going down? Why! Why! I really did work very hard! But why am I lagging behind those stupid little guys? Yes, taking classes at a private academy is not enough. I have to get a private tutor like them. If I get an expensive tutor, my grades will rise quickly.'* <Mom, get me a tutor> Mom sighs deeply...

Suhyuk's expressions stiffened after recalling the memories that passed like a light.

"Oh my god, I must have been a crazy little b*tch back then..."

Chapter 7

Suhyuk did not languish in poverty severe enough to skip a meal. Though he led a meager life, he still could just about get by in life by suppressing his desire to eat more than what he was served, and he could get by in life by not being better dressed than others. Nonetheless, the crazy guy inside of him could not be content with that kind of poor lifestyle anymore.

Did he not want to live like the upper class? He approached those guys from rich families with an excuse of tutoring, and bossed them around, fully conceited. Teaching them? He did not teach them more than half of what he had in his head.

Despite that, he could get a lot of stuff from their parents such as clothes, cell phones, and watches as reward for his tutoring. If he could have his way, he wanted to change his parents. It was unfair.

‘Why wasn’t I born into a wealthy family?’

When he looked at his parents whose faces reflected the ravages of time, he found irritation and annoyance welling up within him.

‘Thanks to their parents, these poor-grade boys are living off the fat of the world. What about me? Why am I suffering like this because of my incompetent parents?’

When he compared his life to theirs, his head throbbed painfully, and the ensuing stress affected his grades, which kept plummeting. As if they did not want to miss that opportunity, they caught up with him closely.

‘How dare you guys chase me?’

He did not want to be beaten by these guys in the slightest. He obtained all the different kinds of medicine that could disturb their concentration; diarrhea medicine, sleeping pills, and so on... He very cunningly had them take the medicine, so they could not notice it. Was it too late though? Their grades shot up as if they were gaining momentum.

Consumed by impatience, Suhyuk grilled his parents to get him an expensive tutor,

and finally he could get one. Nonetheless, his grades were still the same as before. Now, he was feeding them stronger and more pills.

"You're a crazy b*tch," Suhyuk muttered, looking at himself reflected in the mirror.

Now he could recollect the purpose of their study at Insoo's home, and the intention of the meeting perfectly, among other things.

'Were you so envious of them?'

While looking at himself silently, Suhyuk pulled out his cell phone to do something quickly.

(Hello)

It was Kim Insoo's voice over the phone.

"I want to see you now," Suhyuk said.

"What's up? It's too late. Why don't we see each other tomorrow?"

"Let me come to your house now." It was 9 pm.

When he hung up the phone, Suhyuk immediately went to the parking space at Kim Insoo's apartment complex to see him.

"Do you have any questions? You can talk over the phone instead of going to the trouble of coming to see me like this."

"I'm sorry."

At Suhyuk's sudden voice, Insoo looked at him quietly. Very briefly. He then burst into a giggle, asking, "What are you sorry about?"

"That son of a b*tch, no, it was me. I'm sorry for what I had done to you," said Suhyuk.

Insoo muttered, touching his lips as if he were thinking over something.

"What? Did you recall all that stuff?" asked Insoo.

"Yes," answered Suhyuk.

"Hmm... I'm afraid it's not going to be funny anymore if you already sensed it," said Insoo.

The two kept silent for quite a long time. A dry, cold wind passed through them. It was Insoo who opened his lips first.

"It's cold. Go back."

Insoo started to walk back home.

"I'm sorry," said Suhyuk.

His repeated apologies stopped him.

Insoo stopped and turned back, twisting his head a little bit.

"Do you think we did not know about your mischief from the beginning?" asked Insoo. His smiling expression became even more strange. Insoo cast a drowsy gaze at him as if a fat cat were looking at a mouse.

Suhyuk was lost for words. *'Did they know about it from the beginning? Despite that, did they pretend not to know it all along?'*

"It's good to know that you recovered your past memories and apologized, but you have to know just one thing about the reason why your grade went down. Do you know why?" Insoo asked.

Suhyuk could understand his incoherent statement immediately. Actually what Insoo meant by that was that they paid back what Suhyuk had done to them from the beginning. They knew that there must have been some disturbing factor that made their grades worse, be it medicine or whatever it was.

After all, it was Suhyuk who was trapped inside a fence, and they were looking at him as if they were watching monkeys at the zoo.

"You should have checked out your opponents before toying with us. Do you know what the characteristics of a third-rate class like you are? You can never escape from our palms even though you are struggling desperately to get out. You know what I

mean? The third class people stuck in a ditch are destined to live like that forever."

Suhyuk grabbed both hands in spite of himself. Kim Insoo, who looked at his behavior, laughed.

"If you're ignorant, you're brave. Thanks to you, our grade went up, for which we're grateful." Insoo went back home with after saying those words.

Left alone, Suhyuk looked silently at the apartment complex surrounding him. He tightened his gripped hands a little more.

'What Lee Suhyuk had done to them in the past. Yes, obviously that's what I had done. I admit it. Mistake or not, it is good to admit it. What's more important now is to move forward. A third-class life stuck in the ditch?'

Suhyuk's eyes staring at the expensive apartment buildings shone chillingly.

'Luxury foreign cars and apartments? Let me have them all.'

Suhyuk began to turn around and move. And he thought to himself, *'I'll certainly go to the medical school.'*



After returning home, Suhyuk knelt before his mother and father, and he apologized for the mistakes he made in the past. His mother warmly embraced Suhyuk and his father laughed silently.



Suhyuk became a high school student, and he started to deliver newspapers early in the morning as a part-timer. His parents at first tried to stop him by all means, but in the end let him have his way.

The basis of studying is physical strength. As he had laid down in a vegetative state for a long time, his physical strength had been weakened a lot. By taking a part-time job, it's like killing two birds with one stone. In other words, paper delivery was a good opportunity for him to make money for his private academy fee on the one hand, and to recover his strength on the other.

Suhyuk, who went out at dawn for newspaper delivery, stepped on the bicycle pedal. He turned around the apartment complex and single houses to deliver papers. He worked like that for about an hour or so.

He pedalled his bicycle again to deliver the last newspaper of his batch for the day.

At a shrieking noise, Suhyuk turned back his head. A motorcycle had fallen down astray on the street with the ignition switch not yet turned off, and was making a loud noise. Moreover, a man was trapped under the heavy motorcycle. He was struggling to get out of it, but it did not seem easy. Without the man's knowing, red blood was flowing from his lower body, and he just lay trapped under the motorcycle.

Chapter 8

Suhyuk stepped toward him instantly. At that moment he stumbled, but put his hand on a telephone pole. Another memory was passing through his head.

A dry sound from a radio was flowing out of a taxi driving on a highway. (Today's weather: a cold wave has returned after 10 years...) Bang! A van on the highway skidded off the road, crossing over the centerline and crashed into the taxi. There was no time for the taxi driver to react. It was an accident that happened so quickly, and crashed with such a bang that the taxi floated up into the air before it flipped over. Suhyuk could see it clearly. Like a slow video, fragments of broken glass poured out on himself. His pupils could catch the sight of each grain of the broken glass, just like watching slow motion video scenes. But it lasted a very short time. Suddenly, the broken pieces of the taxi spread all over the place.

His memory ended there. When similar scenes and conditions such as these are matched, the fragments of his sleeping memories start to wake up. However, that was not the focus right now. Suhyuk, who shook his head to rouse himself, approached the victim of the accident who was a male apparently in his early 20s with yellow hair.

"Are you okay?" asked Suhyuk.

"Please get this off me..." said the victim.

Despite his asking for help, Suhyuk first dialed 119. He then quickly hung up the phone and quickly looked around. Starting from the fire hydrant driven into the ground, beads of blood spread out across towards the victim. It seemed obvious that the accident was caused by the motorcycle hitting the fire hydrant.

"Hey, student, please do me a favor," said the victim.

"Do not move."

His blood, apparently bleeding out of his lower body was unseen, covered by the motorcycle. A pool of blood. An indication that his wound was deep.

'Did his arteries get ripped?'

Looking at the amount of his bleeding, it was not coming from a vein. Fortunately, the motorcycle pressed down his wounds. What if his arteries were ripped, as speculated? If the motorcycle had been cleared, blood could have gushed from the wounds because the heart had pumped it out.

"Oh my god, Are you okay?"

Two men who witnessed the accident came up. They immediately began to pick up the motorcycle pressing down the victim.

"Wait a minute!" shouted Suhyuk, but the motorcycle was already thrown out to one side.

The groaning man's thigh was seen clearly. His wound was very deep.

To be precise, it was so severe that his thigh had burst. Blood came out like a water fountain. Even the white bone of his thigh was submerged by blood and then came out into the open.

"Call the ambulance!"

Recognizing the emergency situation, the two men pulled out their cell phones and clogged the bleeding of the victim's thigh with their hands.

Suhyuk then took off his jumper and T-shirt, and then he pressed it against the wound. If there was a disinfectant, it would have been even better. However, he had to be content with this first-aid in such a situation.

The victim's body shook and shivered. The air was very cold as the sun was just rising. The victim was bleeding a lot. He was experiencing what they call adventitious hypothermia.

When the muscles are stiff, the body reacts first to maintain its temperature. A human's core temperature is 35 C degrees. If any further loss of body temperature occurs, he might develop a complication. Breathing, blood circulation, and later the nervous system slow down, making his condition worse. Suhyuk did not hesitate to cover his jumper around him.

"Please bear with me a little more. I called the ambulance. Do you see this?"

Soohyuk moved one finger to the left and then to the right.

"What are you doing?"

His pupils, now trembling along with his teeth, chased after his fingers. It was a good sign. His response was good and his lips did not turn blue.

But Suhyuk could not be relieved. He applied first-aid as much as he could, but there was no way he could stop the blood. Professional treatment was urgent. Then a loud siren sound was heard. The ambulance arrived, and the crew carried him on a stretcher quickly.

"Are you okay, boy?"

A female crew member stared at him with surprise because Suhyuk was wearing a short sleeve top. At that moment Suhyuk opened his mouth, rubbing his goose-bumped forearm with his hands,

"He has hypothermia between mild and severe, I think. Bleeding is severe..."

"You must be a guardian. Get in the car anyway!"

At a loss of what to do, Suhyuk got in the ambulance, pushed by the crew member.

The ambulance drove very fast. Suhyuk, who got his jumper back, was in an awkward position and could not say anything. The ambulance crew members were hands full taking care of the victim.

'I have to go to school...' When Suhyuk was thinking about it, the ambulance arrived at a hospital.

When Suhyuk was standing helplessly after he got off the ambulance, one of the crew who rushed the victim to the hospital said,

"Student, come over and quickly sign the paper."

"I am not a guardian..." he replied.

The crew were already fading far away. Suhyuk, scratching his head, checked the time with his cell phone. It was 6:20am. There was still time for him to go to school. It was

not that important, but he had no bus fare. He left his bike behind at the accident scene. Suhyuk was forced to head toward the emergency room along with the crew.

Zeeeeing... The door of the emergency room opened, and Suhyuk went in.

A familiar smell there tickled the tip of his nose.

Chapter 9

The emergency room was very busy. Many nurses and some doctors were busy checking the patient's' condition working like hell.

"Where did they go?"

Wherever Suhyuk looked around, he could not find the ambulance paramedics that came with him. It's possible that the victim was sent straight to the operating room.

'Where did they go? Did they leave already? What about me without any bus fare?'

He might be forced to walk back in return for helping out an accident victim. It would take him about 2 hours to walk back on foot. In that case, late arrival was a sure thing.

Suhyuk, with a sigh, started to search for the paramedics but could not find them. Instead, only those patients who complaining about their pain, groaning here and there in the emergency room caught his eyes.

There are so many sick people packed in this place. Who is now worried about whom?

'Do I really have to walk back?'

He could contact his mother still staying at home, but he did not feel up to it because it might make her worry.

'Let me walk as far as I can. If I am really late, I can contact then.' Suhyuk headed to the gate of the emergency room again.

At that moment a sudden voice stopped Suhyuk's footstep.

"Doctor!"

The voice came from behind the curtain. It was a tone that apparently belonged to a quite old person. Looking at the curtain for a moment, Suhyuk moved again.

'I'm afraid will be really late.'

"Doctor..."

Suhyuk was forced to stop again. Her trembling voice surely showed she was in a lot of pain. *'Why?'* He had questions about her. Other patients were being taken care of by doctors or nurses, but nobody cared about her.

Suhyuk opened the curtain softly. The woman patient, in her late 50s, lay down on a temporary bed. Noticing Suhyuk, she opened her mouth.

"Doctor, I think I'm very sick."

He was obviously reflected in her pupils, and still she called him a doctor?

"I'm not a doctor."

"Please give me a candy! I'll be okay if I have a candy. I am in a lot of pain right now." Her tone resembled a child's.

'Cognitive impairment (dementia)? If you narrow down the causes of this syndrome there are about 70.'

Suhyuk's pupils looked across her whole body quickly. She seemed to have no external injury. Certainly she had none. *'Is it feigned illness?'*

"If you wait a bit, the doctor will come in."

The moment Suhyuk turned away, her hand grabbed Suhyuk's arms.

"Sir, I'm sick. Give me a candy. Candy!"

Suhyuk tried to let go of her hand gently, but could not because she gripped his hand very tight.

Touching her hand, he could directly feel the kind of pain that a woman suffered when giving birth to her baby. After all, he approached the woman. Even if she lay in bed with feigned illness, she was still a patient in the emergency room. Nonetheless, there was not a single medical device attached to her body.

"Are you very sick?"

"Yes I am."

"Which area of your body hurts a lot?"

"My head aches, my stomach hurts, my legs are sore," she said.

"Do not worry. You'll be alright quite soon."

Suhyuk smiled, as if to comfort a child, and clasped her hands gently with both hands. He could feel it then.

"It's so hot," he said.

Her body temperature rose so much that he could feel it right away. Also, he could see the sweat hidden in her curly permed hair. The temperature in the emergency room is appropriate, neither cold nor hot.

"Are you feeling hot?"

She shook her head from left to right.

"Sir, I'm sick. Give me a candy. Candy. Candy is a medicine to me!"

Suhyuk unconsciously grabbed her wrist to check her pulse. Because there was no pulse device, he had to check her body himself. Not even a minute passed by and his eyes narrowed. *'Her pulse is quite high... '*

Blergh! Suddenly she dry retched.

"Are you okay?"

"Please quickly give me candy! Candy!"

He raised up the curtain widely, looking at the doctors and nurses.

"Here! This patient is weird!"

Did they not hear his words? They were busy taking care of other patients. Some nurses laughed at him with a glance.

"She's got feigned illness. Feigned. Illness."

"Mrs. Jung Malsuk, I will give you a shot if you continue to complain about your feigned illness."

It was not just once or twice that they confronted her with that kind of threat before.

'Had she been to this place before several times? And habitually without any pain?' It was possible, if dementia had come to her.

By the way, her pain was real this time in Suhyuk's eyes. The nurses who showed a quick interest in her started getting busy again. Suhyuk gave up calling for them and soothed her into the bed. Dry retch, high body temperature, and fast pulse. What does this hint tell?

Suhyuk took her hand to her belly and then, speaking softly, pushed down her solar plexus gently.

"What did you eat before?"

"Candy!"

She did not cry of pain this time. Suhyuk pressed and tapped on her body here and there to check her reaction. She showed no reaction. Nonetheless, she was breaking out in cold sweat and knitted her brows.

"Where did you eat this delicious candy?"

"At the street cleaners' place."

Where could it be? Suhyuk's hand moved down her belly and then under her right navel. He slowly pressed it.

"Oww!"

A sharp scream came out of her mouth. At that moment, Suhyuk's face stiffened. *'It's chronic...'* Some sort of muttering came out of his lips,

"Acute appendicitis."

Chapter 10

Acute appendicitis. People often say they suffer from appendix pain, but the correct expression is appendicitis. Acute appendicitis is accompanied by strong pain in the right lower abdomen.

With a grave expression Suhyuk took his hand off her belly.

“Oww!”

She screamed more sharply. This was because the pain is worse when depressed rather than when pressed. It's a reflexive pain that patients with appendicitis feel.

“When did you get sick?”

All the hints from her reactions ascertain that it is appendicitis.

“I was sick every day. Sir, I'm sick.”

Based on her words alone, he could not tell how long her condition continued for.

With her condition like this continuing for 24 hours there was a 20% chance that it could lead to perforations, and the chance would be 70% after 48 hours.

How long has she endured this pain? If the appendix bursts, perforation could lead to peritonitis. It was only natural that other complications would occur after, putting the patients life at risk. Immediate surgery was needed.

‘Why did they leave her condition untreated like this?’

If anybody comes to the hospital saying that they have a slight pain in the stomach, doctors easily come to suspect if it is appendicitis.

He had the same experience.

"Please be patient a little longer."

Suhyuk yelled, "Come and see her here! "

But they just looked back and then they were busy doing their own work. So Suhyuk approached a doctor watching the condition of a patient who did not seemed to be in an emergency situation.

"That patient seems to have acute appendicitis. I think she should need an immediate surgery."

The doctor's eye moved along Suhyuk's fingers.

When she came into his eyes, the doctor burst into a silly laughter and said, "I did not see you before. Are you her guardian?"

"That's not the point. She has acute..." replied Suhyuk.

"Did she say she had acute appendicitis? How did she get to know the medical term? She's just making a big fuss. She comes here every day, complaining about her pain and then would lie in bed. In a short time her guardian will come here, and if you are not her relative, I would like you to leave this place. This is not a children's playground."

Suhyuk knitted his brow a bit. It's possible that doctors might not have even looked at her for her repeated feigned illness.

"Please examine her. She's really serious," Suhyuk said.

"Hey dude, I'm really busy. Hey nurse, take this student out of the emergency room."

The nurses were quick to respond. With a soft word, they led him to the emergency room door.

"Hey student, you should not do this here. You don't go to school? You'll be late if you don't hurry."

Suhyuk shook off their hands roughly and tugged at the doctor's gown, saying,

"Examining the patient won't be that difficult. Come and check her!"

The doctor, dragged with an awkward smile, soon stiffened his face.

"Hey student, you would be in big trouble if you're doing this here. Let me repeat. Just go back home!"

Suhyuk stiffened his face at the doctor's shrieking voice.

It is the doctor who must constantly check the condition of the patients who complain about their pain. If the patient is sick, the doctor has to check and offer treatment. That was the same case for her who had cognitive disorder.

The doctor should not take off his eyes from those who lack discernment of their illness even if they lie. The doctor is supposed to behave like that. At least that's the image of a doctor Suhyuk thinks of. But what about this doctor?

"I'm a newspaper delivery boy," said Suhyuk.

The doctor, who had a bearded smile, looked him up and down, bursting into a silly laugh. His clothes were too filthy.

"Yes, I knew it. So what?" asked the doctor.

"Well, there was a big headline in today's newspaper that a doctor who had left an emergency patient untouched was arrested..."

The doctor knitted his brows suddenly at Suhyuk's apparent threatening remarks.

"Do you really want a scolding?"

"Before you scold me, just examine her!"

Suhyuk stared at him. Was it provocative in his eyes? The doctor grabbed his hands roughly.

"You son of a b*tch!"

"What's going on here?"

Suhyuk and the doctor's heads turned back to the side at the same time. It was because a man neatly dressed up was walking straight towards them. He usually had a gentle appearance, but his face was stiff at the moment, and he had a good reason for that. Two people were bickering at each other in front of his mother who was mentally

unfit. She must have been very surprised.

"Did you just arrive?"

The doctor's face, who was staying with Suhyuk, quickly became bright.

"What's the matter?"

"Not a big deal. This boy just made a big fuss about nothing."

"Hey, she needs surgery now!"

At Suhyuk's shouting, the man turned his head to her lying in bed. He looked the doctor in the face.

"What's wrong?"

Scratching his head, the doctor opened his mouth,

"She's complaining about her feigned illness again, hahaha."

"Are you saying it after you've confirmed her condition?"

The doctor then turned his gaze on her.

"She is doing it every day."

The man was just speechless.

Obviously, she was a patient. She was breaking out in a cold sweat and making a low groaning noise. Unlike her feigned illness in the past, she was quite different now. The doctor, who hurriedly approached her, began to move briskly. And then he looked at Suhyuk with glaring eyes as if he couldn't believe him.

How could a boy discern her condition?

"Mother, are you okay?"

The man, who grabbed her hands softly, asked. However, her gaze was only fixed on Suhyuk as if she could not recognize her son.

"Sir, I'm sick. Candy, please candy!"

"Quick, get ready for operation, nurse!"

The doctor urgently called the nurse. And when the doctor was about to disappear with her, the man grabbed the doctor's wrist.

And he said quietly, "Shouldn't you be doing your job properly if I'm giving you my money, huh?!"

His mother with dementia had long become like a pampered child, who needed constant care from someone. Despite that, she somehow got out of the house and always came to the emergency room of this hospital.

Could it be that she missed her husband so much, who died here because of an accident? Because she missed him so much?

Her son paid the doctor a lot of money. He gave the doctor the money with the request that, if she came to this place, she should be well taken care of until he came to pick her up. It was far from a small sum, but he did not care about it at all because he had money to burn.

Nevertheless, the doctor made his mother's condition bad enough to require an emergency surgery. The man took his mouth to the doctor's ear and said coldly,

"If something bad happens to my mom, I cannot guarantee what will happen to you."

Transactions between doctors and guardians in the emergency room. There were enough to get them tangled up in a police report, especially when it involved money.

The doctor nodded his head mindlessly and disappeared with the nurses in a flash, pushing the bed she was lying on.

Soon Suhyuk and the man were left alone in the emergency room. Suhyuk, who gave a sigh of relief, turned away to leave.

"Hey student!"

When he was about to head toward the door, the man's voice calling him stopped Suhyuk.

Chapter 11

When Suhyuk turned back, the man had a wonderful smile on his face.

Only then did Suhyuk take a closer look at him. A man in his early or mid-thirties, he wore fine clothes with a classical air and a luxury watch. Besides that, he looked very handsome, like an actor.

"Thank you."

His voice conveyed his true feelings. *'If it wasn't for this student in front of me, could the worst thing have happened to my mom?'*

When the man entered the emergency room entrance, he could overhear the two of them, Suhyuk and the doctor.

'The student's eyes watching the doctor... They were cold and decisive. He looked at the doctor as if he were devouring him. That look of his could save my mother.'

But then suddenly as if nothing happened, he could not find any trace of that look from the student.

"What a relief," Suhyuk smiled a little.

"How did you know she was sick?" asked the man.

"She looked very sick," replied Suhyuk.

He slowly nodded his head at Suhyuk's simple and clear statement.

"Student, tell me if you want anything right now."

"No, that's fine thanks."

He could not think of anything in particular that he wanted. And if one can get something easily, he's can easily to get into trouble.

"I have to go to school, so take care of her. Her surgery will go well. Don't worry too much."

Although appendicitis was dangerous, her surgery would be finished quickly. Appendicitis is like that. It needed only surgery to be done before it lead to perforation.

Suhyuk turned back. Out of the emergency room, Suhyuk sighed a little. Even though he want to leave, he didn't dare.

"Where is your school?"

Pulling out a cigarette, the man suddenly followed Suhyuk.

Although the hospital including its inside was a non-smoking area, not to mention the parking lot, he didn't care at all and bit a cigarette in his mouth. *Fong!* His zipper lighter opened with a loud noise. Smoke from his cigarette filled the deep inside of his lungs.

"*Huhh...* what's the name of your school?"

"Myungsung High School."

"You're going to stop by home first, right?"

"Yeah."

"Then, take my car!"

The man took out his cell phone and called somewhere, and soon a luxury foreign car appeared. Its driver deeply bent his waist toward the man.

"Please give this student a ride back to his home."

"What about your ride boss?!"

"Let me take care of myself," said the man.

Then the man looked at Suhyuk again, saying, "I'm not a holy terror. So, you can ride my car."

Suhyuk nodded his head heartily.

Looks like the man wanted to return his favor the moment he asked Suhyuk if he wanted anything. If Suhyuk used his car, the man would feel happy, and so would Suhyuk.

In no time, the luxurious foreign car that picked up Suhyuk began to leave the hospital quietly. Suhyuk looked at the landscape outside the window passing by. He felt as if he saved two people today.

"Hey student?" the driver asked.

"Yeah?"

"What is your name?"

"Lee Suhyuk."

"A good name. What grade are you?"

"I'm in Class 3 in my third year. Why are you asking?"

"Well, I have a nephew like you at Myungsung High School."

And then he became silent.

"Oh, my bike!" Suhyuk opened his mouth quickly. "Please stop there!"

"Why?"

"I left my bicycle there."

"Bicycle?"

"Yes, the bike."

The driver got to the destination, guided by Suhyuk's instruction.

"No, I can't find it..."

Suhyuk stood blankly there because his bicycle had disappeared with no trace of it.

"My father bought it for me."

It was a bike that his father bought for his son after seeing him running around for exercise.

After giving a sigh, Suhyuk moved towards the telephone pole. He saw the last paper for delivery for the day stuck into a corner. After picking it up, he walked staggeringly to the house with a blue door and threw it over the wall.

Bang, bang! He turned his head toward the sound, and then got into the car to go back home.



The ratio of females to males was higher at Myungsung High School.

Nonetheless, classes were evenly divided into male and female students.

Class 3 in the first year.

Looking at the blackboard blankly, Suhyuk continued to sigh. It was because the missing bike continued to bother him. If he had bought it with his own money that he made as a part-timer, he might have forgotten it coolly, but it was a gift from his father who was as brusque and reticent as a ruler.

"Hah..."

Time passed quickly and it was the end of classes.

The homeroom teacher said in a threatening tone, "Your mid-term exam is only one week away. Listen carefully. From now on, this is a crucial time that can change your life. If you raise your average score by 1 point, your future wife's face will change later. That's it. Lee Suhyuk!"

"Yes sir."

"Stop by the teachers' office briefly."

When the students went out like a tide, Suhyuk took his school bag. '*What's the matter?*' No matter how much he thought about it, he could not figure out why his

teacher wanted to see him.

Suhyuk visited the teachers' office.

"Here you are." It was a receipt that the teacher gave him.

"This is a receipt of the tuition fee that covers up to your third year."

Suhyuk made a puzzled look. He never heard that the school offered such a scholarship, and he was far from a scholarship recipient.

"Who paid the fee?"

Even the teacher shook his head as if he did not know. Actually he wanted to ask Suhyuk about it. Since the school's founding, there has never been a case like this.

"I heard someone paid the tuition for you at the general affairs office."

Looking at the receipt, he made an expression as if he did not know either. It was impossible for his parents to pay it. His parents had no big sum of money. At that moment, there was a figure that flashed through his mind. The very person he met in the emergency room.

Parting with the teacher, Suhyuk went to the general affairs office, and asked, showing the receipt, "Was it a man who paid for this? A man in his early or mid-thirties?"

A woman clerk at the office shook her head, "It was a woman. She was very pretty."

'Who is she?' Suhyuk, after some thinking about the identity of the woman, eventually headed home, and was stuck with surprise again because he saw a top-class bicycle with a gorgeous design in front of the door. Suhyuk's eyes became a lot bigger because of the price of the bike. It was 15,400,000 won.

Chapter 12

Suhyuk could barely take his eyes off the price of the bike. He looked at his smartphone and the bicycle alternately. Was there such an expensive bike? It is well over 10 million won.

Suhyuk once again recalled the man in the emergency room. Without him these things are incomprehensible. And the woman that paid his full tuition for three years, she must also be associated with that man.

As he was still not so sure, Suhyuk placed the bicycle at the railing on the opposite side. Kindly enough, a note was attached to the lock of the bike. It was the password. After putting the bicycle against the railing, he went into the house.

Then he went out with his study material to go to the private academy.

'Can I just ride it?'

He shook his head. He wanted to wait one more day, and if no one came up to claim it, then he decided he would use it. If nobody claims it, that must be a gift from the man. That bike was more expensive than his three years' tuition fee. That was a burden to him.

'Can I just accept these two things without a blink or any qualm?'

After looking at it quietly, Suhyuk turned back and headed for the academy. When he came back to his house, the bicycle was still there, as expected.

"Now, how should I explain to my father about the bike?" The bike he got from his father disappeared and in its place there was an expensive one; more expensive than a used car.

'Can I tell him I received it as a gift, as well as the full payment of tuition fee? Also, can I tell him I examined someone who was sick and diagnosed her with dementia? If I told him about all this, things would become complicated.' His parents would feel very burdened and worry about it very much.

So, Suhyuk made up another excuse, such as “someone's car hit his bike, so the car owner bought a new one.” He was able to make it up without difficulty. The bike looked a little expensive, but his father could not guess how much it was. A little later his mother came, and then his father returned from work.

Both of them asked the same question.

“What's the bike in front of the door doing?”

Suhyuk told them what he had in mind already.

"It looks better."

He could pull the wool over their eyes about the bike. Now he had to make up an excuse for the tuition fees. He did not think it over long, and decided what to do about it quickly. He would save the tuition fees from his parents and later he could use the money very valuably. Certainly he would give the money back to his parents.

"Huhh..." With a long, deep breath, Suhyuk cleared up his complicated thoughts.

It's only one week away until the midterm exam. He sat down and opened his workbooks. It was the first exam he would take in high school. His goal was to be the first in the class. He decided he could not be defeated by a psychopathic jerk like the Lee Suhyuk of the past. *'I will get at least 20th in the school.'* The sound of him using a sharp pencil and thumbing through the pages of books quietly echoed around the room.



The next day, Suhyup delivered newspapers without fail.

The performance of the bike was well beyond his expectation. When he pedalled his feet a few times, it just rode very well. With some exaggeration, it rode so well as if it could race with a car. Damn good. While he was delivering papers, Suhyuk did not stop studying. He continued to memorize the words in his notebook. Memorizing them over and over, and he arrived at the school before he could realise it.

"You'll see this question in the exam."

The students giggled at the math teacher's remarks like that, because those kinds of

questions tipped off in advance would not appear in the exams. But Suhyuk was different from those who laughed it away. Shining his eyes, he really focused on the teacher's remarks not to miss even a single word.

"I can't be beaten this time." said Lee Suhyuk. He would rather die than being defeated by the Suhyuk of the past.

A week went by quickly, and the exam day came at last. The students moved their desks into a single line. Desk arrangement was the homeroom teacher's idea to prevent their cheating. Exam time was approaching and students' muttering came out here and there in the classroom.

"As for your OMR^[1] card, do not mark your answer in the wrong line. If you're caught cheating, your score will be zero. Now, distribute the exam sheets to the students in the back."

The test started.

And the 50 minutes of test time was too short. Of course, some of the students felt the exam time was boring and long while some rested their heads on the desk after finishing in just 20 minutes.

Suhyuk stayed alert though. After solving all the problems, he double checked if he marked the reply correctly.

A bell rang.

"I ruined the first test."

"I think I marked the replies wrong from the the middle."

Some of the students about to cry grumbled about their poor performance, and others quickly got ready for the next test. Suhyuk belonged to the latter group.

The second test was math. Math was a very important subject that could be reflected in the scholastic aptitude test for college entrance. He looked at the math formulas quietly. His goal was to get the full score. He could not miss even one math question.

Finishing all the exams, Suhyuk passed out of the classroom to return home.

With a brief breath in and out, Suhyuk blew away whatever tension he had in his mind. The problems were complicated and complex. It was not an easy test. Suhyuk's feet stepped on the bicycle pedal.

'I have confidence I did well.'

Suhyuk rode the bike, feeling the wind all over his body. The week-long testing period was over quickly, and in no time, the outcomes of students' tests were posted on the wall behind the classroom. They gathered noisily to check their outcomes.

Suhyuk sat in his seat and looked at it quietly. How did his outcome come out? When the students gathered at the test score board scattered away, Suhyuk moved there to confirm his test score.

Some of the students talked to him,

"Lee Suhyuk, you were a smart student!"

"Were you a nerd?"

Their voices allowed him to guess the outcome of his tests to some extent. Suhyuk was able to confirm his test scores soon. First in his class, and 20th in the whole school. Suhyuk knitted his brows a bit. Actually he expected his score to be a little higher, but it turned out he was exactly 20th.

'I would get at least 10th place in the final exam.'

Firmly making up his mind, he returned to his seat without any regret.

"Congratulations for your 1st place!"

Suhyuk nodded gently at his classmate's remarks.

"Thank you."

Then a guy came to him.

"I want to speak with Suhyuk. Can you move away for awhile?" He spoke to a student sitting next to Suhyuk.

"Oh, yes."

He went away quickly as if he were frightened. He could have been. It was Kim Dongsu who came to see Suhyuk. He was sort of a bonehead in his class. *'What's going on?'* When Suhyuk turned around, Dongsu laughed lightly.

Editor Notes:

1. An OMR card is a multiple choice answer sheet which is then computer scanned for marking.

Chapter 13

There was only one reason a bully like Dongsu approached other boys in school.

As he entered high school, he wanted to find himself a new pushover. Strangely enough, Dongsu led a quiet school life from the beginning of the semester to the midterm exam. As long as somebody did not bother him, he did not make any trouble either.

Now, Suhyuk wondered why he, who did not make any trouble until now, suddenly took the trouble of meeting him.

'Despite his wish to turn over a new leaf, he had an intolerable itch to attract a fight?'

Suhyuk could not help but become a little nervous.

Dongsu said, "You must be very smart. Congrats on getting 1st in the class!"

"Thanks," Suhyuk replied quickly.

Dongsu once again showed a smile and sat next to him, and then he threw a book at him. It was a workout book.

"I bought it today. I don't know if I bought a good one. Take a look at if it's okay."

It's a math workbook. Usually workbooks were more of the same, but Suhyuk listened to him because it was not a difficult task.

As he expected, the contents and problems of the workbook were pretty much the same.

"I think it looks okay."

Dongu said, with a satisfied look, "Let me ask you for a favor."

'Favor? Do you want money from me? You won't pay it back later, of course.'

“What is it?” asked Suhyuk.

“Give me private lessons,” Dongsu said.

Suhyuk made a slightly embarrassed expression. It was something he did not expect at all.

“Why don’t you go to a private academy for tutoring?”

Dongsoo laughed bitterly, saying, “I cannot afford it.”

His family was not well off. Of course if he wanted, he could get the money. If he ordered his minions to bring money or blackmailed them, he could get the money to pay for the fee at a private academy.

But he cannot do it now, because he decided to come to his mind and turn over a new leaf in life. Of course, nobody knew how long his determination would last. But at least for now, it seemed he had the confidence to keep his resolution without any wavering.

When Suhyuk made an embarrassed expression, Dongsu opened his mouth again.

“If you do me a favor, it will certainly help you too.”

“Help?”

“Yes, if you see a guy who harasses you or if you don't like a guy, just tell me. Let me kick their ass like hell.”

Suhyuk laughed aghast at him, but he quickly brushed off that expression from his face and agonized over it.

Dongsu said he could not study better because he had no money. It could be heard as an excuse, but Suhyuk fell somewhat for it. There are students who attend private academies for extra lessons and get private tutoring. In contrast, those who only focus on school textbooks can never beat them because the amount and quality of their work is completely different from them.

After silently looking at the workbook Dongsu was holding, Suhyuk cast his gaze at him.

'If I teach Dongsu, certainly nobody in school will annoy or harass me. Even those good-for-nothing hooligans would try to avoid my eyes simply because of my staying with him.'

From his perspective, he would have to sacrifice a bit of his time if he studied with Dongsu. However, on the other hand, he could review his lessons during that process.

The problem was how to manage his time.

He delivered newspapers in the morning and went to a private academy in the evening. Then he went back home to study.

Suhyuk tried to find some time in between, and he soon made a decision.

"Alright," said Suhyuk.

Dongsu nodded his head, as if he expected it.

As a matter of fact, no one has ever rejected his request.

"When will you start?" asked Dongsu.

"Starting tomorrow," said Suhyuk.

Dongsu's eyes opened bigger. He expected Suhyuk would start his tutoring next week. Little did he expect Suhyuk decided to start right away.

Suhyuk opened his mouth again, asking, "What position did you get in class this time?"

"29th."

29th out of 31 students. Fortunately he was not the last in his class, but it did not make any difference. Suhyuk told Dongsoo about which reading room they would meet for his lesson. It was a free reading room run by a foundation.

After lessons at the private academy, Suhyuk was intending to go straight to the reading room instead of going home.

"Thank you," Dongsu showed his cell phone to Suhyuk.

They exchanged their phone numbers like that.

At the end of class, Suhyuk came out to ride his bicycle.

'I must express my gratitude.'

Suhyuk headed for the hospital before going to the private academy. He received not only tuition fees but also an expensive bicycle from that man. He felt he had to express his gratitude. He vaguely felt that the patient with appendicitis was still lying in the emergency room.

If she was there, his son would also appear. It did not matter if he was not there. He heard that the patient who had cognitive impairment visited the emergency room every day with a feigned illness.

It's impossible that the doctors or nurses there could not know her guardian's contact number. Arriving at the emergency room, Suhyuk was forced to make a bitter expression. The doctors and nurses he saw before disappeared and could not be found anywhere as if they were replaced with completely new staff.

He looked for them at other places beside the emergency room, but to no avail.

He could not find their faces there either.

"As you know, some patient came to the the emergency room every day with a feigned illness and she had also a cognitive disorder. Can I get her guardian's contact information?"

The nurses shook their heads, indicating they did not know anything about her.

Suhyuk helplessly had to leave the hospital empty-handed. He really felt sorry about it. If it's meant to be, he could meet her again someday. With some regret left behind, he had to turn back.

Even though it was late in the evening, there were many children playing near the villas. Suhyuk arrived at his house and walked slowly, dragging his bike. He had to be careful because an accident could happen at the slightest slip. Suhyuk went into the villa, and then he turned his head to one side where there was a familiar black car parked there. It was a luxurious and expensive foreign car that one could hardly find in this neighborhood. It was the very car that took him back home from the emergency room.

No doubt about it.

Honk.

The car door was opened with a light honk. And the driver he had seen before walked up to him.

“Do you like your new bike?” he asked.

Suhyuk nodded his head on an impulse, saying, “Thank you. Did you also pay for my tuition?”

The driver nodded his head with a smile, saying, “You’re coming back home now. I’ve been waiting for you for a long time.”

‘Waiting for me?’

“Why did you wait for me?” asked Suhyuk.

“My boss wants to briefly see you.”

Chapter 14

Suhyuk came out of his house after he told his parents he would see a friend, and then he got in the car.

"But why does your boss want to see me?"

With his smile reflecting in the rear mirror, the driver looked at Suhyuk.

"Well, I do not know."

Actually the driver did not know.

Suhyuk was really curious, but he could now meet the boss and ask him directly.

Actually it's all the better, because he could express his gratitude to the boss.

The driver drove for a little more than an hour.

Just like how he sensed it the other day, he could feel once more why people were excited about foreign cars. He felt as the car he was in was flying above the road.

The car drove into Hannam-dong, where a large residential area was loosely scattered around.

When Suhyuk got out, he saw a huge mansion in front of him.

Suhyuk followed the driver into the house. Strange pine trees here and there, and lawn-covered yards caught his eyes.

Woof! Woof! Woof!

Suhyuk's eyes grew bigger when he turned his head to one side. A huge dog tied around the neck was sitting there. It was huge like a bear. It was so big that it didn't seem small at all, even compared with the beasts that reigned as the king of the savannah.

He had never seen such a big dog before. The driver approached the dog and stroked her head. She flipped over her belly and rolled around.

"You should not bark at your precious guest."

Then he looked at Suhyuk.

"Do you want to touch her. She is very mild."

Suhyuk shook his head.

What if he would be beaten by her big mouth! It was just terrible to imagine that.

"What kind of breed is she?"

"Have you heard of the name zangao (Leonberger)? Another name for it is lion dog. It can actually beat a lion."

It sounded like a lie, but judging from her size, he thought she could beat a lion.

"Oh, I'm being absent-minded! My boss must be waiting for you. Let's go in."

The door opened, and Suhyuk went in.

As expected, the living room was bigger than his house, and there he could see the man he had met at the emergency room. He was biting a cigarette.

Casually dressed, he was playing games, with his hair tangled as if he just woke up, even though it was already evening. With his gaze fixed on the big TV set as large as a screen, he moved the game stick quickly. The driver approached him and bent his waist down.

"Boss, I've brought you a guest."

He turned his head slightly toward Suhyuk and then smiled gently.

"Oh, you're here. Wait a minute. I am almost done."

'Was the Super Mario game so exciting to him?'

The driver then came to Suhyuk and asked him to sit down. Suhyuk sat on the sofa and waited briefly.

"Ooops, I lost again!"

The man, scratching his head, approached Suhyuk.

Despite his haggard beard and tangled hair, he looked very handsome like a movie actor.

"Do you play games as well?"

"I've never played before."

He made a surprising look, "You do not play games at your age?"

"Nope."

He was right. He's never played games since he woke up from his sustained vegetative state. He also had no recollection of playing games because he lost his past memories.

"You're a nerd, aren't you?"

When the man sat next to him, Suhyuk stood up, and bowed his head.

"Thank you for the tuition and the bike. You gave me a big gift for nothing."

Smiling at Suhyuk, he nodded his head. He could feel Suhyuk's genuine sincerity.

He touched the couch lightly with his palm.

"Sit down."

He then lit a cigarette.

"I hear you're a newspaper delivery boy?"

"Yes," he said.

"How much do you get?"

"I receive 400,000 won a month."

The money was not enough even for his dog diet, he thought, but Suhyuk earned it by delivering 200 papers everyday per month as a part-timer.

The man was stunned to hear that.

"I use the money to pay for my fees at the private academy."

'Was the academy fee so cheap?'

He opened his mouth again, rubbing off his cigarette in an ashtray.

"I'll give you money, much more than you currently receive. Please do me a favor in return."

It seems Suhyuk was asked lots of such favors today. And now his favor.

Suhyuk was willing to accept his request for a favor gladly, because he already gave him a bike and tuition fee anyway.

"What is it?" Suhyuk asked.

"Well, please stay at my house for three hours after school. I will give you 200,000 won per hour, and all together 600,000 won. What do you think?"

Suhyuk's eyes became wider.

Was he really earning 200,000 won as an hourly rate? As far as he knew, there was no such a part-time job.

'Does the man want me to play Super Mario game together?'

When he could not brush off his surprised expression, the man opened his mouth again, "My mother wants to see you too very much"

"Me?"

"Yes! She wants to see that doctor so much."

'Does she still remember his face? Didn't she have a cognitive disorder? But why was she looking for him?' Suhyuk revealed his curiosity right away.

"Why is she looking for me?"

The man smiled cheerfully at him.

"Because you gave her a very good shot without any pain."

The sleeping mother firmly believed that this boy had cured her illness. Actually this man also thought so. It was Suhyuk who diagnosed her mother and had her get the surgery when nobody cared about her in the emergency room. In a way, he was like a savior of her mother's life. He was such a thankful boy to this man.

On the contrary, Suhyuk was making a perplexed look because he was supposed to be at the private academy during the specific time that this man requested.

Suhyuk was determined to go to medical school. He could not idle away his time because, he had a firm goal.

Nonetheless, 200,000 won per hour. It was a sweet word, but he had no choice but to reject it for his own future.

"I'm sorry. I have to go to the private academy during that time."

Then the man shook his head, saying, "Well, smart boys are old-fashioned. Which subjects do you learn at the academy?"

"Korean, English, math."

"Well, you can learn them at my home."

Was he referring to private tutoring?

Of course, getting a private tutor was the best, but Suhyuk had no money.

When Suhyuk was about to open his mouth with a bitter look, the man said to the driver quickly, "Mr. Kim, call Jessica now, and Narae. Junghyun too."

The driver laughed smugly as if he knew what the boss was trying to do, and began to

tinker with his cell phone.

After Suhyuk went back home, the man picked up the game stick.

At that moment, his mother came into the living room.

"Mom, you woke up?"

The man, rising from his seat again, laughed. What trouble was she trying to make this time?

When he approached her, she said, "Son."

The man's eyes grew bigger because his mom, suffering from dementia, no longer recognized him, although very rarely did she come to her senses. The man asked her naughtily, yet with a trembling voice, "Who am I?"

With watery eyes in her wrinkled eye rim, she opened her mouth, "You're my precious son."

"Mom, please hug me."

She slowly came over and hugged her son snugly.

"Hyunwoo, you're much too stressed because of me, right?"

"No, I feel that day after day is very much fun," said Hyunwoo, still in his mom's arms, shaking his head from left to right. He folded into her shoulder harder. At the moment, there muttered a changed tone from her voice.

"I'm hungry. Give me a meal."

As often seen in a patient with dementia, she reverted back to acting like a child. Not to be caught by someone else, the man washed her eye rim and then looked at her with a smiling face.

"Can we eat something delicious?"

In the meantime, Suhyuk could not hide a perplexed look when he was getting into the car.

Chapter 15

Out of the car window Suhyuk saw street lights passing by quickly.

Suhyuk was quietly staring at the disappearing lights that left a long tail behind.

It is too generous a condition for him to dismiss: as much as 600,000 won for three hours' stay, plus free private lessons at home. He receives not only money but also free tutoring.

'Can I get into trouble because of this?'

"You look pretty serious," said the driver.

Suhyuk scratched his head at his words.

"I'm not sure if it's okay," he said.

"What do you mean?" asked the driver.

"I mean, all the good things your boss has done for me."

The driver grabbed the steering wheel and nodded.

Actually Suhyuk's words made sense. Free tutoring and the hourly pay, that was nothing to his boss.

The gifts he gave Suhyuk before was a reward for what he did for his mom.

However, there was something different this time, because it reflected his heartfelt filial piety for his mom as well.

Due to a car accident, he had lost not only his father but his wife and young son.

The only surviving member of his family was his mother.

Of course, there were some relatives, but they were just like maggots looking to slyly

claim his property. He did not recognize them as his family.

There was only one flesh left, namely his mom, whom he shared his warm blood with.

Naturally, he was very protective of his mom.

The driver, remembering his boss, opened his mouth again,

"You fully deserve the gifts."

'Because you were like a benefactor who saved his mom's life,' the driver thought to himself.

Suhyuk, who had been thinking about his remarks, firmly made up his mind. He could not miss the opportunity.

The car already arrived at his house.

Suhyuk waved him off, saying, "Take care."

"Yeah, I'll see you in a week," the driver replied.

He meant he would come to Suhyuk's school to pick him up.

Suhyuk said he would visit the boss's house one week later. It was around that time when he had to pay his tuition fee again. Also it was around that time when he was supposed to receive the pay for his paper delivery.

And Dongsu, did he not promise to teach him? Only for one week.

Suhyuk guessed that if he exhausted him with tutoring, it would put Dongsu's nose out of joint, namely his quick exit from his planned tutoring.



The next day, Suhyuk visited the reading room with Dongsu, as promised.

He did not go to the private academy. If he had private tutoring at the boss's house, he could directly catch up with the progress he might have missed at the academy, and there was one more reason to stay with Dongsu. He was ready to pour into Dongsu all

his energy and time that he could otherwise have spent at the academy. Very intensively like Spartans. When Suhyuk arrived at the reading room, he said something significant,

"Shall we go in?"

"That tone sounds a little scary to me," said Dongsu.

Inside the reading room Suhyuk had to make a frown.

The reading room with desks and partitions was quiet, but everyone was distracted. Some were seen exchanging letters as if they were hunting for girls, and those who reserved their seats were going in and out too frequently. They looked as if they came there to hang out.

Management of the reading room was much too neglected. Maybe because it was free?

Suhyuk thought it was his own fault that he did not check its condition in advance.

At that moment, Dongsu, scratching his cheek, opened his mouth,

"I think it's a little too noisy to study, right?"

Suhyuk nodded his head and said, "There is another one nearby. Let's go there."

When Suhyuk was about to turn his back, Dongsu grabbed Suhyuk's arm.

"You don't have to go to the trouble of going there. Hey, you jerks!"

His shouting resonated throughout the inside of the reading room loudly, and all their eyes turned to him.

"What the heck?"

Dongsu, his eyes facing theirs one by one, walked slowly to the middle of the room.

"Is this a place for dating? You jerks are supposed to study here, right?"

Then he approached one guy staring at him as if he were throwing his fist at him.

Dongsu grinned, and threateningly said, "Hey, just stay put if you don't want to kick the bucket!"

Then the guy who had a staring match with Dongsu left quietly.

"It's quiet now, right? Let's get started."

Suhyuk was just astonished at Dongsu's actions.



Their studying lasted for two hours without stopping. Suhyuk continued to ram math formulas into Dongsu's head. If he did not understand, Suhyuk kept repeating it over and over again until he understood. Only then did he move on to the next step. He did not give Dongsu any break time. One more hour passed.

"Let me go to the bathroom," said Dongsu.

"As this section is important, you have to come back soon. If the momentum of studying is cut in the middle, it can feel more difficult to understand when you resume."

Nodding his head, Dongsu walked out of the reading room.

About 10 minutes passed. Dongsu, stinking of a smoke, came back and said, "I think I have to do it again tomorrow. I can't continue today, because I feel as if my head is going to split apart."

Suhyuk nodded his head lightly, thinking to himself.

'Donsu has begun to take the bait already. Two or three days later, obviously Dongsu will give up. Maybe he might not be here tomorrow.'

Unexpectedly his reaction came sooner than expected.

One day passed by without fail, and Suhyuk was just astonished when he went to school because Dongsu had shaved his head.

'Did he make some resolution?'

His eyes shone strongly as if they were burning glowingly.

"You shaved your hair?"

Dongsu, touching his rough head, opened his mouth, "I guess I didn't yet get my own head screwed on. So, I had my head shaved cleanly. You're going to the reading room, right?"

"Uh, yes, I will go."

Suhyuk felt that something was going wrong.

At the end of the school day, Suhyuk headed to the reading room with Dongsu.

On their way to the reading room, those students in uniform made way for them like Moses' miracle. Dongsu was notorious for his fist, and now that he had his head shaved, it must have made his image look rougher all the more. Some of the students who caught his eye turned quickly. Anyway, they went into the reading room. The reading room was really quiet, and the students there were far fewer than yesterday, apparently affected by Dongsu's behavior.

"You didn't forget what you studied yesterday, right? Let's review it again."

Dongsu took a long breath at his words. "I think I've forgotten some. Let's go over it."

Dongsu sat down and began studying again.

At that moment, the door of the reading room opened and in came some students dressed in rough uniforms. A total of five. Among them was a familiar face. He was the very one who left his seat after he had a staring match with Dongsu to the end. He opened his mouth as he looked at Suhyuk and Dongsu,

"I want to have a word with you. Can I see you briefly outside?"

Dragging his seat with a noise, Dongsu stood up.

So did Suhyuk, but Dongsu held him down.

"This is my specialty. You just stay here preparing for our studying."

So, Dongsu went out with the students. Looking at the door where they disappeared, Suhyuk's heart was troubled for a moment. Would he be okay? No matter how good he was at fighting, he had as many as five opponents. Suhyuk eventually rose from his seat.

Then, Dongsu returned immediately, wiping off his gently busted lips.

He said, "I made them go back home. Let's get down to work."

Suhyuk nodded his head slowly. Can he really kick this guy out?

Chapter 16

Dongsu, listening to Suhyuk's math formulas, scratched his head hard. Even an alien language was more comprehensible to him than those math formulas.

"Let me go to the bathroom."

"Are you going there to smoke a cigarette?"

He smiled awkwardly, saying, "As you know, I've been studying for one hour without stopping. It's time for me to pee..."

"Do not smoke. It disturbs your studying."

Dongsu made an expression as if he did not care.

"What does a cigarette have to do with studying? If I smoke, it seems like I can focus well," said Dongsu.

Then Suhyuk replied, "Well, It takes about seven seconds for you to suck your nicotine into the brain. But that's not the problem. It's an effect on the brain. That's the problem. Nicotine blocks the ability to transmit information between brain cells. In other words, you won't be quick on the uptake. People are mistaken there. They say that as the amount of information perceived is small, their stress will be blown away. That's addiction. The same applies to people who are affected by second-hand smoke."

Dongsu was astonished by Suhyuk's words. He is not only smart but also he knows a lot of things. Of course, there was something really different about a boy who was first in his class like him.

"You had better quit smoking from now on," Suhyuk challenged him on purpose.

'The more Dongsu feels suppressed, the greater the chance of me parting with him will be.'

After a deep sigh, Dongsu touched his head here and there.

Suhyuk's eyes gleamed at it. He had been expecting some sort of reaction from Dongsu like this. *'Yeah, just tell me you want to give up studying right away and go home.'* When Suhyuk's face made a satisfying smile, Dongsu opened his mouth,

"Shall I really quit smoking this time?"

Dongsu silently stared at the cigarette box in his hand briefly, and then he crumpled the cigarette box with one hand.

"Ok, let me quit. What's the big deal? Let me go to the bathroom."

An embarrassed Suhyuk just looked at his back blankly.



Six days passed by.

After finishing their work in the reading room today, Suhyuk was going out with Dongsu.

Moving his head to the left and right to warm up, Dongsu opened his mouth.

"You believe I'm catching up with your teaching, right?"

Suhyuk nodded his head.

Yes, he really did. Of course, he had difficulties catching up initially because he lacked the basics for math, but now he could solve routine problems.

It was a great accomplishment. Suhyuk's original intention to teach him intensively like Spartans gradually disappeared.

'Can I tell him I want to stop at this point for some urgent reason?'

Suhyuk shook his head.

That kind of behavior was typical of the Lee Suhyuk of the past, namely doing anything for his own benefit and spitting out promises like a half-chewed gum.

He decided he would never be the same as his past self.

"By the way, why do you want to study so suddenly?" asked Suhyuk.

Dongsu touched his head at his words, "I want to make my mother's wish come true."

His mother worked in a restaurant despite her suffering from sore knees.

Every time he got in trouble, she kept repeating to her son the same thing, "Please, come to your senses and study!" That was her wish.

"Wish?" Suhyuk asked.

"Yes, she says it's her wish for her to be able to see me studying."

Dongsu shook his head as if he were proud of himself. Suhyuk stopped walking and looked at him.

"Do you really want to study well?" Suhyuk asked.

Dongsu's eyes sparkled glowingly.

"Shall we study all through the night?"

He really showed his strong determination. Suhyuk felt he could never kick him out.

'Ok, as he has come this far, let me go with him to the end.'

"Tomorrow we're going to study at a different place."

"Why? Where?"

"You will come to know of it tomorrow."

And then they split up.



The next day.

After school, Suhyuk and Dongsu were standing at the main gate.

A foreign car approached them quietly.

Getting out of his car, the driver looked at Dongsu, with a grin.

"You're Suhyuk's friend. I heard about it."

"Hello mister," said Dongsu, bowing his waist and scratching his head awkwardly.

"Let's go. Get in!"

The driver drove out of the school with them, and arrived at his boss, Kim Hyunwoo's house in no time.

Woof! Woof! Woof!

Dongsu recoiled at the big lion dog's barking. It was a huge single house like those that could be seen in TV dramas. Dongsu could not believe he was in such a house. He felt timid.

"Is your boss at home at this time?" Dongsu asked, wondering if the boss worked at all.

The driver nodded his head with a laugh.

The door opened and Suhyuk and Dongsu went in.

As expected, he was smoking and playing games.

"You just got here? Wait a minute.

"Ah... I died here again."

Standing up from his seat, he approached them.

And he looked at Dongsu. He heard from Suhyuk by phone yesterday that he would bring his friend.

Whether he would bring two or three, it did not matter to Kim Hyunwoo.

"You're Suhyuk's friend? Nice to meet you."

"Hello sir" Dongsu bowed his head deeply.

He looked like a great man, though his attire made him look like a jobless man.

"What's wrong with your head?"

He had his ugly head shaved cleanly, with its crown risen high.

When Dongsu touched his head shyly, Kim Hyunwoo opened his mouth again,

"It looks like a missile."

At that moment, they heard the urgent voice of a woman inside.

"Madame, No! Please come this way."

"I'm sick, I'm going to see the doctor!"

Then there appeared a middle-aged woman, who was none other than Kim Hyunwoo's mother.

Suhyuk smiled at her brightly and then told Dongsu, "Let's play."

Chapter 17

"It's the doctor!"

She was wearing a bright smile on her face when she saw Suhyuk.

"Doctor, please give me candy! Candy!"

At that moment, she turned her gaze toward Dongsu. Her eyes became a bit wider.

Suddenly, she put her hands together and bent her back toward him.

"Monk."

Dongsu scratched his head and opened his mouth, "I am not a monk."

"Act like a monk only for today," Suhyuk told Dongsu quickly.

She would not go away from Dongsu, counting beads that she had brought from somewhere.

Moreover, she fluently recited Buddhist scriptures. Kim Hyunwoo smiled at the sight. Before she had dementia, she used to go to a Buddhist temple on weekends for the peace and well-being of her family. She did not forget those memories even though she has been mentally ill all this time.

"I think my mother feels that your friend is better than you."

Suhyuk smiled gently at Kim's words, and fixed his gaze on her.

"Did her surgery go well?"

It was really fortunate for her.

"Yes, it was done very well, thanks to you. Something terrible might have happened to her if the surgery had been done even a bit late, I hear," said Kim.

Suhyuk nodded his head.

"Nevertheless, don't feel at ease just yet. It's good to have her get a comprehensive medical check-up on a regular basis. Especially for people with cognitive disabilities."

She cannot properly explain how or which part of her body is making her sick, because she is not as good at expressing herself as others, except when she, like a child, throws a tantrum and plays the baby.

Her illness, left uncared for, will slowly get worse.

Before that happens, however, if she is examined carefully by a doctor proactively, they can detect the cause of the illness and prevent it. This holds true not only for those with cognitive disability, but for all the senior people who are getting old. Humans are born as babies who cannot do nothing by themselves, and then they grow into adults. However, as they get old, they go back to the condition of powerlessness. After pouring everything into their family, they go back to the state of a baby, looking as if it's the first time that they came out into the world. Therefore, careful observation is needed for them, just like a child.

"Monk, please keep this."

It was a hood that she gave to Dongsu.



Three hours quickly passed by. During that time Dongsu sounded a wooden gong with strange spell, and ran away from her.

A little over 30 minutes passed by. She then fell asleep in her room, and a guest visited Mr. Kim Hyunwoo's house.

A blonde foreign woman with glistening skin.

She seemed to be in her early 20s, with blue eyes like sapphire. She was really beautiful. In addition, her curvy body was striking and bountiful even though she was skinny.

She opened her mouth when Dongsu could not get his eyes off of her, "Hello."

Dongsu muttered too, "Hello... hello."

At that moment, Kim Hyunwoo greeted her, "Oh, you just got here?"

"It's been a long time," she replied in fluent Korean, hugging Mr. Kim gently, and then she looked at Suhyuk and Dongsu alternately.

"These are the boys you talked about?"

"Yes, you have to make them speak English like a native speaker. Do your work, Jessica."

She laughed gently, saying, "Don't worry."

Her straight teeth seemed to make her beauty look even more outstanding.



So, English tutoring started. Dongsu had to grab his bald head, blinking his eyes while Suhyuk nodded and focused on her teaching. He digested each and every one of Jessica's teaching. Obviously there was an excellent advantage gained from getting help from a private academy and tutor.

"Dongsu, are you okay?" Jessica asked, as if she were worried about Dongsu who was sighing often.

He shrugged, waving his hands hard.

"Okay, okay! No problem! I'm okay."

Suhyuk could not help but giggle at Dongsu's gestures. He must have had a headache because of the difficult contents, but the glitter of his eyes was certainly alive, indicating that he was determined to learn somehow.

Their two-hour's studying with Jessica passed by quickly.

She went home with a message that she would see them again tomorrow, and then someone else came to the house. He was dressed in a short-sleeved checkered sport, wearing thick black horn glasses. Given his pot belly, whoever saw him would say that he was a man addicted to studying. He came to teach them the Korean language.

Then, they were able to finish studying mathematics after two hours of tutoring.

"Eat something before you leave," said Kim Hyunwoo.

Suhyuk and Dongsu sat at the dining table. The housemaid had already left as it was a little over 10 pm in the night.

So, Kim Hyunwoo made the food by himself. Ramen noodles and Kimchi, that was all. It did not seem necessarily true that the rich only eat fine food every day. Moreover, the way he boiled ramen gave them the impression that he looked like an elder brother in the neighborhood. Actually he could rightly have been seen like that. That was Kim Hyunwoo's lifestyle. No matter what he ate, he was just content with having his stomach filled up.

Unlike other rich people, sticking to formalities and keeping up appearances were the last thing he wanted. When they almost finished up the ramen noodles, he looked at Suhyuk and Dongsu alternately. His mother, who often tried to get out of the house worriedly, refrained from such behavior when they showed up at the house.

Watching Suhyuk and Dongsu quietly, he opened his mouth.

"Which high school do you go to?"

"Myungsung High School."

"Myungsung High School, Myungsung High School..."

It's a school he had never heard before. With that so, it's just an average school.

Kim Hyunwoo, who fixed his gaze at Dongsu, again said to Dongsu, "What is your dream?"

Dongsu just scratched his cheek.

He never gave a thought to it. He just wanted to make a lot of money for his dream.

This time he asked Suhyuk, "How about you?"

Suhyuk replied right away, "Medical doctor."

His was never unwavering in his resolution.

He was determined to pursue a profession in which he could show his best ability.

"Doctor?"

"Yeah."

Kim Hyunwoo nodded his head slowly.

That's the reply he did rightly expect from Suhyuk, because discovered the name of his mother's illness right away.

"Do you think you could be accepted into a medical school as a Myungsung student?" asked Kim.

Suhyuk made an expression as if he were trying to find out what he meant.

He laughed gently, adding, "I mean, you have to play on a higher ground if you want to go to the medical school."

Of course, there are conditions for that...

Chapter 18

Suhyuk laughed bitterly at Kim Hyunwoo's words.

To some extent, he was right. Classes and internal competition at prestigious high schools were clearly different from those at ordinary high schools. Their mindset of studying was different. Suhyuk wanted to attend that kind of school, but could not, because he had no money.

"Do you know a school called Jaemyung High School?" Kim asked.

Suhyuk nodded his head. It was the school where students with a lot of money or gifted students from across the country gathered. How could Suhyuk not know of such a school?

"Don't you want to transfer there?"

Kim Hyunwoo cast mysterious eyes towards Suhyuk.

"I'd like to, but I can't afford to do so."

"I'll make it work for you, but I have a condition for that."

Suhyuk looked at him with a surprised look.

Tuition fee at Jaemyung HS was something he could not afford. Three million won per semester. What kind of condition will he lay down?

Kim Hyunwoo opened his mouth, saying, "All I want is for you to do the same things like today until you finish the third year of high school."

When he thinks about his mother, this kind of offer was nothing to Kim Hyunwoo.

On the contrary, the tuition fee was something that Suhyuk could not even dream of.

To him, this was not a condition, but a one-sided help.

Kim Hyunwoo also asked Dongsu the same question, who had been tinkering with a wooden gong. "You too, give it a thought!"

Actually it was an offer they did not bother to think about at all.

Suhyuk quickly opened his mouth, "Is it really okay with you?"

He laughed at Suhyuk's surprised expression because it was not a big deal.

"Of course," Kim Hyunwoo replied, and then called someone straight from his cell phone.

"Hey, driver Kim, these boys are attending Jaemyung High School starting next week. So please get things ready, okay?" Then he hung up the phone.

He asked Suhyuk with a blank face once more,

"If you do not want to, tell me now. I don't want to give any annoyance to the driver."

Suhyuk stood up from his seat and bowed his head.

"Thank you very much, I will not forget your help."

'Yes, I won't forget it. I would pay this help back by all means even through the care of his mother.'

Dongsu, who rose like Suhyuk, bent his back.

Kim Hyunwoo laughed heartily at them, and drank up hot ramen soup.



Suhyuk returned home, but still felt uncomfortable.

A cash reward of 600,000 won for his three hours' stay. And tutoring. Even this was nothing compared to his transfer to Jaemyung HS. Jaemyung HS? It was a wonderful place. There were almost none from Jaemyung HS who were not admitted to prestigious colleges.

Although his heart was beating with excitement, he had worries too, when he thought

about his parents. How should he explain it to them?

Suhyuk had to think hard about it again since the bicycle incident, but he could not find a good excuse this time. Can he tell them he got first in the math competition and got admitted at Jaemyung? Suhyuk shook his head. It was stupid for him to deceive them again with another lie.

At that moment Suhyuk's room door opened and Kim Myunghee showed up.

"Did you eat, Suhyuk?"

"Mom, I was able to transfer to Jaemyung High School."

"Jaemyung HS? What do you mean by 'transferring' there?" asked Kim, wondering whether he was going back to his nature of the old days.

'Did he say he wanted me to transfer him?'

Her expression became bitter. She just felt so sorry she could not help her son, because she had little money.

"Suhyuk, let me get you a tutor if I receive a salary, but Jaemyung HS..."

Appreciating his mother's feelings, he quickly presented a white envelope to her.

It was the hourly pay he got from Kim Hyunwoo today.

"What is this?" she asked.

"Money," said Suhyuk.

"What money? Is it from your part-time job? Why are you giving this to me? Just buy some clothes and have some good food with it," she said.

"Well, Mr. Kim, the president gave me... Uhm... I accidentally saved a patient who had appendicitis..." He confided to her all the episodes up to now.

Kim Myunghee did not hide her expression of amazement while listening to his explanation. Her eyes were slowly becoming watery, watching Suhyuk.

Though she did not provide for him enough, her son was moving forward in his future very well.

"My baby, come on, let me hold you."

Suhyuk snugly hugged his mom. He could hear her heart beating, which seemed like a mother's lullaby to him. He felt her warm bosom was comfortable and cozy like feathers.

"You're having a hard time because you had a foolish mom like me!"

Snuggled in her bosom, he shook his head to suggest it was not true.

He did not know why, but he felt he was moved to tears. His behavior of the old days; she must have gone through a lot of heartache because of that.

"Please wait a little more, Mom. I'll make a lot of money and buy you all the good and expensive things."

He heard her soft words in his ears, "You don't have to do that. Mom and Dad just want you..."

At that moment they heard the front door opening.

"Dad just arrived."

Kim Myunghee moved into the living room and showed him a white envelope.

"What is this?"

"Honey, I don't know exactly, but Suhyuk says he saved a person's life."

"Did he?" he asked.

"Yes. Suhyuk says that's why he received a cash reward and could transfer to Jaemyung HS with full scholarship!"

"Really? Reward, and Jaemyung HS?"

Kim Myunghee repeated to her husband what she heard from their son.

Suhyuk, scratching his head, went outside, and he could see his father's face.

Has he ever seen his father, full of wrinkles around his eyes, laughing so heartily before? Looking at his son with a smile, he said, "I raised my child well."

Then he said, "What do you want to eat?"

Suhyuk did not refuse this time. "Chicken."

"Honey, order a delicious chicken. Oh, not one, but two please. Let me get some soju (distilled spirits)."

"Father, I'll buy it."

"No, let me go out as I have my shoes on and get back soon. Won't you buy something else?"

"Let me do it Dad. I'll be right back."

No sooner did he say that than his father moved to the front porch and went out without any words...

And that night, Suhyuk lying in bed could hear his mother talking over the phone in the living room.

"Oh, I'm sorry, my sister, my sister, how are you doing? I suddenly missed you and called like this. Your kids are grown big, right? Chulsoo, who went to the high school, is still making trouble for you? Oh, I see... By the way, Suhyuk is going to transfer to Jaemyung HS with full scholarship..."

He could also hear his father calling someone.

"Well, nothing unusual here. I just felt like calling you after I had a drink. Is everything okay with you? Good. Do I have any news about Suhyuk?"

Now his father's voice was heard a little louder.

"This time he is going to Jaemyung High School for free. He says he saved a person's life."

With a smile on his face, Suhyuk fell asleep in no time.

Chapter 19

On Sunday, Suhyuk's parents were heading for Kim Hyunwoo's house. They were holding several packages in their hands, which were none other than side dishes and gifts they prepared for Mr. Kim. They wanted to repay his full support of their son, which was simply too much for what their son had done. They felt that it was their duty to meet him face to face and express their gratitude. Suhyuk tried to stop his parents but could not break down their stubbornness. They arrived at his house.

Woof! Woof!

"What kind of breed is that big dog?"

The door opened and Kim Hyunwoo appeared.

He heard from Suhyuk already that he would visit him with his parents.

Greeting them with a bright smile, he said, "I am sorry that I gave you the trouble of coming to my house. I should have visited you first."

Suhyuk's mother waved her hand, saying, "No, not at all."

She wrapped Kim Hyunwoo's hands with both her hands and said,

"Thank you so much for the hospitality you have shown for my son. I will never forget this favor of yours for all my life. I will repay you with all my life."

His father didn't stay quiet, either, "Thank you."

He bent his back deeply toward Kim. Kim Hyunwoo hastily raised him up, saying,

"Please stop it, sir. It's nothing compared to what Suhyuk had done for us. By the way, what is all the food you brought here? I wish you had just come here without anything like this."

"How couldn't we repay the benefactor? We brought some side dishes, along with Kimchi. Just hope you like it."

“Oh, I like Kimchi very much. By the way, have you eaten? I’ve prepared some food since you were coming.”

Suhyuk’s family went inside the house after Kim Hyunwoo’s warm reception, and the foods on the dining table were full of all sorts of delicacies. They could understand what it meant when people say ‘the table literally groans with food’.

"Doctor!"

Kim Hyunwoo's mother ran to Suhyuk.

Kim Myunghee, with a gentle smile, looked at her with pity.

"Is this the woman you talked about?"

When Suhyuk nodded, Kim Myunghee held her hands tightly, and said,

"Hello Madame, you have a very good looking son."

At that moment, she, who fixed her eyes on Suhyuk, looked at Kim Hyunwoo. She was smiling warmly. Did she come back to her senses? It was not the case.

"Doctor, there are so many delicious dishes here! Let’s go and eat.”

Then she dragged Suhyuk to the table. Their lunch continued for a long time.

Suhyuk's parents stayed at Kim Hyunwoo's house for a little longer, and expressed their gratitude for another hour before going back home. A day was passing by just like that.



Suhyuk was very busy preparing for his school transfer. His parents tried to make a big fuss by hanging a placard in the neighborhood about his transfer, but Suhyuk stopped them in the end.

His parents made money by working hard, such as cleaning buildings and doing manual work. From now on, he would never let them spend money on him. He would not let them buy his new uniform for Jaemyung HS.

He ordered his school uniform alongside Dongsu with the money he got from Mr. Kim Hyunwoo, and Suhyuk divided his hourly pay evenly into half and gave it to Dongsu. He did his bit by acting as a monk anyway.

"Suhyuk, this isn't a dream? How can I go to Jaemyung HS?"

Dongsu in school uniform, looked at himself in the mirror. It was not easy for him to believe that he would go to a prestigious school; given his track record of causing troubles and fighting with someone.

"You mom is happy you are going to Jaemyung HS, right?" Suhyuk asked.

Dongsu shook his head, saying, "My mother went around the neighborhood to spread a rumor about my transfer."

Nonetheless, Dongsu's facial expression could not be brighter when he was conjuring her up in his head. And then they finally transferred to Jaemyung High School.



Suhyuk was staring at the gate of Jaemyung HS with Dongsu.

"It's in a different class!"

Suhyuk nodded his head at his words. Even the main gate was different from that of an ordinary high school. Aside from its antique atmosphere, security personnel were in charge of traffic control. In addition, they seemed to be responsible for protecting the students.

"Let's go inside."

No sooner did Suhyuk say that than both of them stepped into prestigious Jaemyung HS.

From that moment everything happened to them quickly. After being assigned a class, they said hello to the classmates, who showed wariness in their eyes while looking at Suhyuk and Dongsu.

'Where did these guys see their better days to be able to come here, and was it with their outstanding grades or money?'

Thinking over the two factors, they were staring at Suhyuk and Dongsu.

Suhyuk and Dongsu took their seats in the back.

They felt a cold attention from the classmates on and off during the class.

At least one of them should approach them to say hello, but that did not happen.

They just looked at them as if they were observing their behavior.

Dongsu went face to face with each one of them without avoiding their eyes.

His glittering eye suggested that he would smash anyone that bothers him.

"Did you come to fight?"

Dongsu scratched his head at Suhyuk's words. He thought Suhyuk was right.

"Let's go to eat."

They headed for the school cafeteria, and there they could not help but make a blank face. It was like a buffet restaurant.

At first glance, the number of side dishes were over 10.

"This is my favorite."

Dongsu began to scoop rice first.

"Enough, I ate well."

Dongsu, who got out of the cafeteria, rubbed his belly. The taste was excellent. On the other hand, Suhyuk had no words while holding his gaze forward.

"What's wrong?"

Dongsu's gaze moved along Suhyuk's.

Three people were walking straight towards them. A guy touching horn-rimmed glasses, another guy smiling, and the third guy very handsome. Out of the three, one

was Kim Donghyuk, who opened his mouth first, laughing as if it was fun,

"And who the hell is this? Aren't you Lee Suhyuk? Why are you wearing our school uniform?"

Suhyuk opened his mouth in a calm manner, and actually he wondered which school they went to, and now realized that it was a prestigious school right for their level.

"It's been a while" said Suhyuk.

The guy touching his glasses slowly peeked back and forth over his body and opened his mouth again, "This is not a place you can afford to come to..."

"This is not the place a third-rate person like you can come hanging around. What did you do to come to our school?"

Suhyuk's eyes fell down coldly.

At the moment, Dongsu moved towards them with a cynical laugh, "What the heck did you say son of bitch?"

Chapter 20

They recoiled at Dongsu's fighting spirit. But it was only for a brief moment.

"Are you going to hit me? Then, hit me," said Donghyuk, touching his cheek as if he were inviting Dongsu to hit him.

Dongsu, looking at his clenched fist, opened his mouth with a cynical gleam.

"Hey, I wonder how our young masters will react if they get beaten."

'Certainly they will kneel down and cry. Or they will cast down their eyes without uttering any words.' Those who fought with Dongsu used to behave like that.

Dongsu was about to hit Donghyuk's face with his fist when Suhyuk took his hand.

"This is none of your business," said Suhyuk.

"Leave me alone. This motherfucker said something about 'third-rate person'. I'm going to smash him..." Dongsu said.

"Are you here to fight?" asked Suhyuk, moving forward to stop him.

If he let Dongsu have his way here, nobody knows what'll happen to him.

In the worst scenario, he could be kicked out of school.

"It's about me, Dongsu."

Suhyuk once more talked to him, and then said to them, "It looks like you have not eased off your anger."

"Anger?" said Insoo who kept silent.

"Were we angry at you?" His laughter grew bigger.

"As I said before, don't be mistaken. You express anger at the other party only when

they're in the same position as you. Don't you understand me? We just..."

Insoo's eyes gazing at Suhyuk created a half-moon-shape, "It's a joke that a guy like you is in this school. I don't know how you got here, but stay quiet without making the water muddy here. Has this place already become muddy?"

With these words Insoo went back.

Donghyuk, staring at Dongsu, said, "Be careful."

And then all of them disappeared.

"Who the hell are those guys?"

Dongsu's face was burning with anger. Obviously he was trying to suppress it.

"I've done something bad to them before," Suhyuk said.

"Did something bad to them?" asked Dongsu.

Suhyuk slowly his nodded while watching them disappearing away.

He thought he apologized to them enough with sincerity. No, it was far from an apology. For they regarded his existence as something like a worm. Was it funny for a worm to apologize to a human being? Because he wronged to them, he deserved it no matter how badly they treated him.

Suhyuk cast down his eyes gradually. *'But if they keep behaving like this...'*



It has been a week since Suhyuk transferred to Jaemyung HS.

In the meantime, he adapted himself well. Dongsu also worked hard enough to make his eyes bloodshot. He had tutoring too. No matter how stupid he was, it's impossible for him not to notice his grades going up with that extra help.

The final exam time came. With his gaze fixed on the test paper being handed out by the front row students, Dongsu breathed deeply,

"Huh... I'll get at least 10th place in my class."

Suhyuk, sitting a little away from him, encouraged him.

"You'll get good grades because you worked hard."

That was true for him too. He worked harder than ever. Given the situation he was in, he had to work harder not to miss the opportunity.

One week later he would see the tests outcomes.

After receiving the test paper, Suhyuk's eyes began to shine.



They finished all three examinations for the day. Dongsu came to Suhyuk with a test paper.

"Let's check the answers."

Suhyuk nodded easily.

"Isn't this answer #3?" "No, it's #2, look at that."

"How about this? #1 is right?" "No, it's #4..."

"Oops..."

Dongsu scratched his head loudly. More than half of his answers were different from Suhyuk's. Suhyuk was confident his answers were all correct.

Dongsu felt an ominous feeling.

"Wow, it drives me crazy."

Suhyuk patted him on the shoulder as if he were comforting him.

"Do not worry too much. You can do better in your next exam."



One week passed by in the blink of an eye, and he was able to confirm his scores.

"Last place..."

Dongsu grabbed his head. He tried so hard, yet got last in the class.

Fortunately, he was not the last in the whole school. There were 50 students behind him.

Still, the last in his class means he is the last. Dongsu, looking around his classroom, saw his classmates. Each of them looked to him like a monster engrossed in studying after eating, and there was Suhyuk gazing at his report card quietly. 2nd place in class, 15th in school. He looked like a reckless monster to him.

However, Suhyuk was not very satisfied. He felt bitter because his goal was to get at least 10th in school.

'Let me do better next time.' There is nothing that he can change even if he feels regretful about it. Next time he can get twice as much.

"Don't blame yourself too much."

Suhyuk comforted Dongsu who was knuckling himself on the head and shouting he was a bonehead. Actually his current grade was high enough to get him at least 10th grade at his former high school.

The reason was that students at Jaemyung HS were too smart. However, Dongsu soon regained calmness and burned his will to do better.

"I'm going to have to ask my teachers about what I missed."

He was determined to ask his tutors and review his mistakes.

The two of them left the classroom to go to Kim Hyunwoo's house. As they walked down the hallway, they heard someone calling from behind,

"Hi there!"

Dongsu, who turned his head towards the voice first, could not close his mouth.

There stood a considerable beauty with her long straight hair flowing down the shoulder calmly, as if she were seen on TV. A pitiful girl with utmost innocence and purity, with her trembling eyes.

"Did you go to Jaemyung HS from the start?"

It was not Dongsu she asked. Her eyes were firmly fixed to Suhyuk.

"It's been a while since I transferred here..."

Who is she? It is a face that was registered in his memory.

Suhyuk had no choice but to make a baffled expression.

It was clear that retrograde amnesia came to him, and at the same time the existence of a female student in front of him disappeared.

What kind of relationship did she have with me?

Suhyuk confirmed her nameplate and said frankly.

"As I have amnesia, I can't remember people well."

Her eyes grew a little bigger. It was only one meeting, and one which was only 10 minutes long in the past.

No, it may have been shorter. Therefore, even if he had not suffered from amnesia, he could easily have forgotten it. But it was a face he could never, ever forget.

"It's been a long time, Suhyuk."

Chapter 21

Hana began to dwell on it after confirming Suhyuk's nameplate.

'Lee Suhyuk, Lee Suhyuk... '

"I'm sorry. As I said, I do not know what to say because I lost my memories," said Suhyuk.

Suhyuk was forced to make an awkward expression. He felt that it's really embarrassing that he could not recognize the people related to him.

On the contrary, Kim Hana broken into a hearty laugh. Her teeth, straight and white, made her look much better.

"It's okay, because I remember all of them. By the way, what happened to you anyway? You had amnesia? Are you okay?"

Suhyuk felt relieved, nodding his head when she expressed genuine concern about him. He got worried a bit about what Lee Suhyuk of the past had done to her. This time, however, his relationship with her seemed to have been forged smoothly. It was because he could not find any malice in her attitude. Moreover, it was she who showed concern about him.

"I'm okay. Fortunately, other parts of my body are just normal."

"They should be," she said.

She made a wistful look on her face.

"We've met again like this for the first time in ages. Shall we have something to drink?"

Suhyuk looked over the window and checked the wall clock in his classroom.

He still had time.

"Okay."

He felt that spending time with her would be a good opportunity for him to figure out his relationship with Kim Hana. At that moment Dongsu patted him on the shoulder.

"Have a good time!"

Dongsu disappeared, waving his hands.



Suhyuk and Hana went to a coffee shop in the school, which looked like a cafeteria.

Returning to his seat with lemonade and fruit juice, Suhyuk was forced to laugh a bitter laugh because he felt other male students in the cafeteria were staring at him in a disapproving manner. It was envy and jealousy.

They threw many different kinds of glances at him, but he could not read into all of them. However, he could guess it was only one thing.

'It's natural that you guys envy me.'

Kim Hana was really pretty, even through Suhyuk's eyes.

That was not all. Though he did not know it, she was famous as a beauty at Jaemyung HS. There were many students who liked her. Besides, she was also known as a beauty at other high schools. Though she was a quiet student, she found herself disturbed by many students around her.

"Well, let's drink," Suhyuk said.

"Okay, thanks."

Biting a straw with her thin lips, she could not take her eyes off Suhyuk.

Suhyuk felt his face growing hot. He really felt embarrassed because such a pretty woman looked at him squarely.

"Do I have something on my face?" Suhyuk asked.

"No, it's just because I'm so glad to see you again. How have you been?"

Suhyuk revealed to her about what had happened to him all along, namely his accident and loss of his memories as a result.

“Can you really not remember anything now?”

“Yes, I’ve forgotten most of them.”

Actually he had a lot more lost memories than recalled ones.

“I wonder what kind of relationship we had...” Suhyuk said.

“Well... what kind of relationship were we in?...” Hana slurred her words, looking out the window.

It was a sticky relationship. Even if 10 years passed from now, she would be able to recognize him at once on the street. Of course, this might be her own speculation.

Hana, who seemed immersed in thinking, opened her mouth,

“I liked you before...”

Suhyuk’s eyes became a bit wider.

‘Was it true you liked me? The Lee Suhyuk of the past?’

While he was making a surprised expression, Kim Hana looked at Suhyuk’s face squarely.

It was as if she were inspecting something. But it was for only a short time, so he did not notice it.

“Don’t you remember it at all?” She asked to reconfirm it.

Suhyuk slowly shook his head. Even though he tried to recall it, he just felt like swimming in the darkness.

When Suhyuk knitted his brows a bit, she waved the badge on her chest.

“Hi, I’m Kim Hana. Don’t forget me anymore, okay?”

He smiled at her witty remarks.

After that they had quite a lot of conversations.

It was Suhyuk who asked questions, to which Hana then replied.

Over time, Suhyuk was able to sort out his relationship with her to some extent: she liked him, and she used to go to the reading room with him on weekdays. And another amazing fact was that Kim Hana was the top student in the school. Being the first place at Jaemyung HS was really a great achievement for her. In addition to that, she was a beauty. She's got everything.

'She must be from a fine family,' Suhyuk thought to himself.

"I have to stand up now."

When Suhyuk rose from the seat, she made a wistful look on her face.

'Was it definitely true?'

"Yeah, let's go out together."

A familiar voice was heard from behind when she was about to stand up and follow him.

"Hana!"

It was none other than Kim Insoo.

"Why are you with him?" he slurred his words, with his eyes fixed on Suhyuk.

Knitting his brows, he stared at Suhyuk.

"It's none of your business if I'm with anybody else. Let's go, Suhyuk," Hana said.

The moment she went by Insoo, he caught her wrist, saying, "Why are you here with this bastard?"

Throughout his whole life, Insoo had everything he wanted to have, except for one thing, Hana.

He could not possess her no matter how hard he tried. He was just speechless when he first saw her upon entering Jaemyung HS. She was like a white flower swaying in the breeze, never tainted by anyone's hands. She looked qualitatively different from the good-for-nothing girls who looked pretty but cheap. As soon as he felt warm in the heart, he stopped at nothing to win her mind by all means. But that was all. Every time he was rejected, and her behavior was as arrogant as ever, but he did not give up to this day. She did not laugh or speak with the male students.

And now he found her laughing aloud and having a hilarious time with this bastard.

Hana moaned when she noticed an icy look in Insoo's eyes staring at Suhyuk; for he held her wrist too tight.

Suhyuk opened his mouth, "Let go of her hands! I'm the one you should be angry with."

Insoo's lips were twisted with a silly laugh, then he released her hand and asked,

"What kind of relationship are the two of you in?"

"Just friends," Suhyuk replied.

"Friends? Friends..."

"Okay, let me go. See you next time," Suhyuk moved first.

Looking at his back, Kim Hana's eyes were becoming more and more mysterious. She stared at Insoo who had been touching her wrist quickly, and then she faded away to follow Suhyuk.

Now Insoo was left alone. With his gaze fixed on Suhyuk's back, he grinded his molars.

Chapter 22

The vacation ceremony was approaching. In the meantime, Hana went to see Suhyuk every day. They spent time together and ate lunch together. Though, it was inevitable that Suhyuk found himself in a very embarrassing situation. Wherever he went, other boys fixed their scornful gazes on him. Nonetheless, he could not stay away from her. She was a kind person who liked him in the past.

Or is her affection toward him still going on?

For he and Hana went to the dining place together even now. They ate lunch together. Suhyuk, Hana and Dongsu drank coffee and juice.

"You're beautiful and that smart. What's the secret?" asked Suhyuk.

"Just study hard," she responded with a smile, and then asked back, "Did you say you were 12th in the school this time?"

When Suhyuk nodded, Hana opened her mouth again, "Are you satisfied?"

"Well, to some degree."

"If you move up to your second year, you intend to get the top, right?"

Suhyuk shook his head. Because of Hana, it's not reasonable for him...

"You're destined to be the first place forever. You said you only missed two questions. You're really doing great!" said Suhyuk.

Unless he got the perfect score, he felt he could not beat her.

Actually he did not want to when he looked at her smiling face.

Hana shook her head from side to side. A pleasant fragrance spread from her shivering hair.

"No, you can easily get the 1st place as you have a smart brain."

She moved her gaze out of the window, and her eyes turned strange.

"I'll make you get there. By all means..."

She looked back at Suhyuk with a smile.

"It's time for class. Let's get up."

Dongsu rose from his seat, shaking his head, for she was only focused on Suhyuk.



Suddenly, Dongsu stopped in the hallway. He looked at the other classroom with a curious look.

"Looks like there's a fighting going on inside."

Some students were gathered in one place as if they were watching something.

"It must be fun to watch the fight. Let's go," said Dongsu, who went into the room without hesitation.

"Hey, you bastards, I can't see it. Get out of my way."

Dongsu elbowed his way into the fighting site without hesitation.

"What the heck are you doing?"

Dongsu blinked his eyes. Because two of them were involved in strange behavior, and they were very familiar faces who Suhyuk and Dongsu detested very much. They were Donghyuk, and Inbae who wore horn-rimmed glasses.

Donghyuk was pulling Inbae's solar plexus with both arms while embracing him behind his back. What the hell were they they doing?

Dongsu instantly uttered his curiosity, asking, "What kind of situation are you in now?"

One guy, who had been watching the situation, replied,

"I think he had a rice cake stuck in his throat while swallowing it."

"Rice cake?"

Dongsu looked into Inbae's face closely once more. With all kinds of frowning, he was spitting out.

"Spit it out!"

"Should we not bring in the health teacher? Call him!"

Suddenly, the atmosphere surrounding the scene died down heavily.

At that moment, Suhyuk's voice, buried due to students' noise, was heard in Dongsu's ear, "What's the matter?"

"He had a rice cake right stuck in his throat."

When Dongsu made way, Suhyuk saw two students there. At that moment one phrase swept over his mind. 'Heimlich maneuver?' That's exactly what Donghyuk was doing to Inbae.

The Heimlich maneuver is a first aid treatment used when food or the like is caught in the throat.

"He swallowed a rice cake. It served him right, given his bad behavior! Let's go."

Dongsu then turned back. However, Suhyuk kept his place with a firm face. The situation looked serious.

"What are you doing? Let's go."

His words fell on the deaf ears of Suhyuk, though.

Inbae's face was growing white.

Suhyuk approached them and asked Donghyuk.

"How long has he had the rice cake stuck in the throat?"

"Get out," replied Donghyuk. His tone was tinged with sharpness.

However, Suhyuk did not flinch at all. Rather, his eyes were cool.

"How long?"

However bad his relationship with them was entangled, he was a sick person who needed help.

Inbae was no more or less than that to him at the moment.

"Let me examine him."

Suhyuk pushed Donghyuk. Did he feel hurt by his pushing or did he take it as challenge?

"You motherfucker?"

Donghyuk's fist was being thrown to Suhyuk.

But Dongsu, who was watching the situation, acted a little faster.

"Are you trying to beat him? Do you want to be killed, motherfucker?"

Dongsu threw him away. *Thump!* He tumbled over seats, and Dongsu spewed his breath as if he felt satisfied beating him like that.

"Why? Are you disgusted? Then come over and challenge me!"

Dongsu, who moved his hand, laughed at him because Donghyuk, rising from the seat, could not say anything.

Meanwhile, Suhyuk lay Inbae on the floor.

Inbae's face, who clinched his throat with his hands, was gradually getting blue.

"Call 119!" said one student with an urgent voice.

Suhyuk opened his mouth and checked inside. He saw nothing. Obviously, the rice cake blocked the airway.

"How long has he been in this state?"

One student replied to Suhyuk's shouting, "It's been about five minutes."

Five minutes? Suhyuk's look became even more serious.

Five minutes was long enough to cause damage to the brain that's not oxygenated.

That's not all. Another five minutes without any measures will lead to irreversible injury, coma, and then complete death. At best, the patient would be in a state of permanent vegetation.

All of this is determined within 15 minutes from the time of the accident.

"Call the health teacher quickly! And call 119!"

At Suhyuk's shouting, the students moved around busily with their cell phones.

Suhyuk's eyes, looking down on Inbae, were mixed with irritability and anxiety.

'It's going to be too late. Late. I have to act now. Now...'

Such thoughts dominated Suhyuk's mind.

'I have to clear the airway now. Only that way I can save his life. Only that way...'

Suhyuk, standing up suddenly from his seat, looked around in a hurry. And he searched through a pencil case on one side. And soon he took out a pen. Suhyuk quickly dismantled the pen and shouted to everyone loudly, "Knife! Is there anybody with a knife!"

The time to save one's life at a moment's notice. Golden Time. You can not miss it.

Chapter 23

'There is a man dying before you. Only you can save his life. You must do something for him immediately because he is an emergency patient to whom even a second is urgent. What must you do?'

'I have to save him.'

The masked man laughed with a half-moon smile.

'Yes, I have to save him. Definitely I should, because I know what would happen to him later if he were left without any treatment.'

He nodded, and his words continued, 'You can save his life if you can take action in an urgent situation like this. Just looking at him without doing anything is a crime... '

Suddenly, the masked man's words went through his head. 'Yes, now or never. I have to take action in a minute, no, in a second.'

"Knife?! Lighter?! Anybody who has a skin toner?!"

Despite Suhyuk's shouting, the students were standing blankly. Suhyuk's face hardened gradually. There was no sign that the health teacher and an ambulance would come anytime soon.

A shrieking voice came out from Dongsu's mouth, who had been watching Suhyuk all along,

"Hey, you bastards! Are your ears all shut up? If I find out any of you have something Suhyuk asked for, I'll chew your ass!"

That was the typical tone he used to shout with at others in the past.

Only then did the students begin to bring out the stuff Suhyuk wanted. Various kinds of cutter knives, disposable skin toners, etc, were poured out before Suhyuk.

"Are you okay?" Dongsu asked Suhyuk, with an uneasy look because he was looking

for a knife.

Suhyuk met Dongsu's eyes. *'Trust me.'* His glittering eyes suggested he was confident. Dongsu nodded instantly and clenched a MacGyver knife. That shone in Suhyuk's eyes. The cutter knife is easy to break because its edge is weak.

"Dongsu."

Suhyuk quickly reached out his hand.

"This?"

"Yes."

He handed it over, and Suhyuk pulled out the knife and heated it with a lighter.

The thin blade quickly became hot. Next is the skin toner. He took off the lids of the disposable skin toners to put them together. Without any other replacement available, a skin toner can be used as a disinfectant as it has alcoholic ingredients.

'Cotton pad.'

He noticed a cotton pad among a lot of the stuff mixed together.

Did they guess what he would be doing?

These kids at Jaemyung HS already knew what he'd do because they were smart.

Suhyuk immediately soaked the cotton pads with skin toner. Then he wiped the hot knife blade carefully. He also rubbed Inbae's throat with the skin toner.

"Huh..." Suhyuk shortly took a deep breath.

Now he had all the material needed to treat Inbae.

Cricothyroidotomy. The only thing he had to was to incise his throat to open the airway. Suhyuk did not hesitate to take his hand to his neck. And he could locate the convex part of his neck by touch. A thick shield-like thyroid cartilage located in the middle of the neck, and a cricoid cartilage located beneath it. The point at which these two intersect, namely the depressed part, which is the radial thyroid, he had to make

a cut right here.

Suhyuk took his larynx firmly with his thumb and middle finger. If Inbae's body moved while Suhyuk was using the knife, it could touch other organs, which might cause a serious situation. That was a surgical technique that must be done free of errors at all. Suhyuk moved the knife toward his neck to incise the skin.

"Gasp!" "Don't we stop him?"

Those students, who had been watching him all along, screamed and got restless. It seemed as if they were rushing to stop him but did not, because Dongsu was standing right at that spot.

"Bastards! Be quiet!"

Shouting at them, Dongsu looked down at Suhyuk. The pupils of his eyes trembled a little. Suhyuk taking a knife to a person's throat was reflected in his eyes. He seemed quite uneasy. *'Do not make any trouble. I trust you.'* Dongsu thought to himself. It was Suhyuk who helped him out along the way. He had to trust Suhyuk to the end even though others could not. Dongsu began to look at them with a cold stare.

In the meantime, Suhyuk's knife was getting close to Inbae's neck.

"It will hurt a little. You've got to endure the pain."

Inbae could hardly hear his voice because he found his eyes getting cloudy.

Soon, Suhyuk's knife touched his throat.

'Only 2cm or less incision.'

If the movement of the knife is rough or deep, it could be dangerous enough to touch other organs. Light but accurate incision.

At last he cut through a red blood line around his neck. About 1.5 cm deep from the skin to subcutaneous tissue. Suhyuk confirmed the cirrhosis of the thyroid gland with an incision.

'1 cm horizontally... '

The upper and lower circumference thoracic artery and vein are relatively located in the upper area, so incision of the lower membrane is less risky.

As soon as the membrane broke apart, the blood gushing into the air sprayed over his face. At the same time, he heard a breathing sound coming and going through Inbae's throat.

Suhyuk hurriedly inserted right there a ballpoint pen with its contents dismantled and wrapped around it in a cotton pad.

"Tape! Anyone with tape!"

Getting tape quickly, Suhyuk fixed his throat by sealing the pen joints tightly. Bubbles came up from the ball-point pen and his throat joints, but soon went down. Suhyuk, who sat down in his seat with a thump, took a long breath.

His role was all over. Now the only thing left was Inbae's determination to open his eyes. Around Suhyuk were some girls watching him closely, with their mouth shut, and others who looked at him as if he were crazy.

Did they realize that Inbae's face, which had become very pale, was increasingly going back to red?

"That's an unauthorized illegal surgery, right?" A quiet mumbling came from someone.

And the bell ringing the start of class filled the classroom strangely.

Teachers and the ambulance arrived at the same time. The emergency crew who had seen a ballpoint pen stuck in Inbae's throat were astonished.

Was there a fight? What kind of psycho put a ballpoint pen in a friend's throat?

"Who the hell did that?" one of the teachers asked.

At his words, the students at the scene pointed their fingers at the place where Suhyuk was standing.

Frowning his face bitterly, the teacher snatched his hands, "You too should go with me!"

Chapter 24

Insoo was calling somewhere.

"Hello, is this the police station?"

When the emergency crew were looking into Inbae's condition inside the ambulance racing through the street, Suhyuk's homeroom teacher was staring at him furiously.

"What did you do to him?"

"I could not help it. I had to do first aid treatment because more than five minutes already passed..."

"Stupid! Did you want to play doctor?"

Out of anger, the teacher frowned bitterly.

If Inbae's parents had found out about this incident, he might have to be kicked out of the school. Inbae was a student with such a powerful ally. He might also get an irreversible discipline for his failure to manage and supervise the students properly. How could Suhyuk put Inbae stuck in a condition like this? Only after a stern discipline was taken against a daring Suhyuk could the principal's anger die down to some extent. Discipline such as his expulsion from the school, withdrawal or even a jail term. Could Suhyuk know of his thoughts like these?

Looking at Inbae, Suhyuk gave a sigh of relief because his face was increasingly going back to its original color. Suhyuk's attitude like that rubbed the teacher the wrong way. He opened his mouth coldly.

"We have never had this kind of thing happen before in Jaemyung HS. If you are thinking of fleeing anywhere, you had better give it up right away."

At the teacher's words, however, Suhyuk comforted himself, *'Good job... Good job Lee Suhyuk.'*

At that moment, one of the ambulance crew who had been checking Inbae's condition

turned to Suhyuk,

"Did you do this yourself?"

Suhyuk nodded, "I had to take action quickly because a lot of time passed..."

It was a perfect dressing around the ballpoint pen joints, which did not allow in even a little breeze.

"You acted recklessly."

'Where did he watch first aid treatment? On the internet? In a soap opera? Movie? It is a very dangerous act for an ordinary man to do. A little tweaking in surgery could lead to the patient's death. Even then, here was a high school kid who carried out the surgery with a knife. One could find no other explanation than to say he was just lucky. Sheer luck.'

"Next time you shouldn't do this. Instead, you have to report or ask for someone else," said the ambulance crew member.



Immediately, the doctors and nurses gathered at the emergency room to check Inbae's condition. A short mumbling came out from the doctor's mouth, who was examining him briskly.

"The first aid treatment was done well..."

That's not all. All the medical devices connected to the patient showed that he was normal.

Was there a doctor around at the time? It's fantastic first aid treatment. Nothing to find any fault with.

"How about his condition?" Inbae's homeroom teacher asked.

The doctor nodded his head lightly, "He was lucky. Well, the first aid treatment was excellent."

At the doctor's response, the teacher looked back in disbelief.

There was Suhyuk on the spot.

"Uh?"

The doctor opened his eyes wide with a surprise. He has seen this kid before. He knew him for sure. He was the very 16 year old kid who woke up from a persistent vegetative state. He clearly saw him waking up with wide open eyes in his presence in the hospital.

The doctor looked at the patient and Suhyuk alternately, and could guess in no time.

There was no doubt that this kid, Lee Suhyuk, took action to save Inbae. Waking from his vegetative state like a miracle, he diagnosed himself, and then narrated many medical terms.

The doctor's expression brightened with gladness.

"How have you been?"

Unfortunately Suhyuk did not remember him. At the same time, some sort of anxiety came over him.

'An unfamiliar person clearly knew my face. Obviously, he was somehow related to me in the past, though I lost past memories.'

Suhyuk found himself feeling very uneasy because he felt like he had committed a lot of sins in the past.

"I'm sorry, I cannot remember anything in the past or people because I have amnesia."

The doctor could have been disappointed at Suhyuk, but he instead broke into a smile.

"I was there when you woke up from the hospital. Don't you remember me?"

Suhyuk's eyes became slightly bigger. He just figured out who he was. He could easily recall the doctor because he had talked a few times with him in the hospital room.

"Hey! You have become a resident now?"

The doctor, nodding his head, opened his mouth with a smile,

"Looking at your school uniform, I see you entered Jaemyung HS. I knew you would go there."

'Yea, he was a smart boy, who has a vast knowledge of medicine.'

The doctor opened his mouth again, "I think you opened his throat with a knife..."

Suhyuk nodded his head.

"The rice cake blocked his airway for more than five minutes."

"Even up to the perforation of cricothyroid membrane?"

Actually the incision of that area was very burdensome even to him because it needed sophisticated clinical skill.

"Yeah."

He was a great guy, after all. Yes, he was a genius to his eyes.

"It was excellent first aid treatment, and it's like you saved a friend."

Then the doctor patted him on the shoulder as if he had done a wonderful job.

"Now I'm going into the operating room. Will you wait until after?"

The doctor wanted to exchange a few more words with him out of delight.

As Suhyuk nodded his head, the doctor left with his patient Inbae.

Now the teacher and Suhyuk were left alone. Staring at Suhyuk, the teacher could not say anything. According to the doctor, Suhyuk gave great first aid treatment to Inbae, and without his daring action, he might have died.

"You..." When the teacher opened his mouth, some strange men came up, asking,

"Student Lee Suhyuk?"

"Yes, I am Lee Suhyuk..."

One of the three men presented his ID card.

"We're from the police."

He showed the screen of his cell phone to Suhyuk with the other hand. Inside the screen there was Suhyuk taking a knife to his throat, and red blood flowing from it. The video ended there.

"You should come with this uncle," said he, adding, "Detective Choi, you stay here and check the patient's condition."

Suhyuk was forced to be led away by the rough detectives. Suhyuk was dragged out of the emergency room. An image of his family's face laughing warmly went through his mind.

'Mother... Father... '

Bang!

The car door which the detectives were aboard closed with a thump, and Suhyuk looked out of the car window at the emergency room door. Inbae's homeroom teacher was looking at the police car outside. Somehow he seemed to be smiling.

Chapter 25

That afternoon, the detective section of the police station was noisy.

"Oh, detective, I did not do it!"

"Just exercise the right to stay silent, you bastard! You were videotaped on CCTV. How can you try to get away with it?"

"I'm sorry..."

The detective section was really noisy with those raising their voice, complaining about false accusations, and others who alleged that they are not suspects.

"Damn it! This kind of absurd case was assigned to me..."

Detective Kang, knocking on the keyboard, was grumbling.

"What do you mean by an 'absurd case'?" asked someone suddenly from the side.

"Is it you again?"

Detective Kang, in his forties, first flinched at the woman in her 20s, and then clicked his tongue. With horn-rimmed glasses and her long hair tied back, she was wearing shabby clothes as if she just swept through Namdaemun market. She grinned lightly.

"Well, who would bring coffee to a toiling detective Kang other than me?"

The detective tasted the canned coffee she brought.

"Today I'm busy. Can't you just go away?"

"Nope, please give me some news to break. If I go back empty-handed, a demon-like team chief will try to eat me up!"

Detective Kang broke into a silly laugh at her being such a crybaby.

"There must be someone else to be eaten up, but not you..." Kang said.

It was Han Jihye, a cub reporter for KBS, clinging to him like a leech.

Most of the reporters made routine rounds at their beat and disappeared, but she was different.

"If I give you a news item, you won't bother me for one month, okay?"

"Of course. I won't! I can see many other detectives out there instead."

Han Jihye gave a big smile.

At a glance, she was far from a stylish woman, yet her smile was beautiful.

"Be sure to keep that promise," said Kang.

He raised his eyes and looked at the detention cell.

"You see him?"

Han Jihye's gaze moved with Kang's chin gesture toward the detention cell.

She noticed among the adults one student leaning against the wall with his eyes closed.

"Oh, that student..."

"Do you know him?"

"Yes, I hear he was detained here on charges of killing his friend..."

"Killing his friend? No way. He gave first aid to a dying friend..."

"First aid?"

"Yeah, you already know that he was detained here, but didn't know about that?"

"Well, I just got here..."

Her eyes glowed as she gazed at Suhyuk.

"Attempted murder?"

Han Jihye, who sneaked a glance through the report that Kang was writing, tilted her head.

She fixed her eyes again on Suhyuk. She slowly walked to the detention cell and called somewhere.

"Uh, it's me, Jihye. Let me ask you something. A minor allegedly has pierced a person's throat for first aid treatment in an urgent situation. The patient came back to life. Is his act a violation of the law? I mean, does it violate the 'First Aid Law'? Oh, wait a minute! Someone is calling me on the phone. I'll call you back soon."

She looked at her smartphone's LCD screen and frowned. It was none other than the team chief, her immediate supervisor who managed apprentice reporters like her.

"Yes, captain!"

(Hey, Han Jihye, are you empty-handed even today? You've been like that for the past several days! And why don't you get in touch with me? You're merely an apprentice reporter. Don't you know you guys have to report to me every hour about your location and activities? Do you really want me to send you home and enjoy it fully?)

"Yes, but only after I'm done with this."

(What?)

'Oh, well, just wait a minute. When a reporter who has a duty to report to their supervisor keeps silent, there should be some reason... '

In a situation like this, it was the team chief who would make a big fuss out of it.

At that moment, Han Jihye could not speak anymore.

Bang! Bang!

A homeless man, apparently drunk, started hitting his head against the wall of the detention cell right in front of her, and the situation was no joke. Blood bursting from

his head popped out everywhere.

"What the heck. Are you crazy?!" shouted those startled at the scene, "Call 119! 119!"

Suddenly the police station was all topsy-turvy.

Suhyuk, sitting there, rose from his seat. The homeless person had been sitting in front of Suhyuk. The fallen homeless person's head, due to severe self-injury, seemed to have broken apart. Blood flowed from the head, and his nose was bleeding.

A man next to him suddenly blocked his nose by hand. As blood was coming from his nose, he wanted to block it.

"Do not block it!"

Suhyuk pushed away his hand.

If his nose were blocked, the pressure on the skull will increase and the situation would get worse.

"Wuwewek!" He poured out his vomit.

"Call 119 quickly!"

As soon as he shouted, Suhyuk responded swiftly. He pushed the homeless person to one side and opened the airway as wide as possible. When he stopped vomiting, Suhyuk's expression was seriously hardened because he was not breathing. Suhyuk then opened his mouth and quickly checked its insides. He noticed an unknown object stuck deep in the back of the uvula, which obviously came up with the vomit. Suhyuk did not hesitate to put in his finger and took it out. It was a meat lump. Apparently he did not chew and swallowed it because it was quite thick like raw meat.

"Wuwewek!"

His mouth poured out vomit again, and then he gasped for air.

Taking a breath, Suhyuk put his head on his thigh. Cerebral edema, which can cause a rapid increase in water content in the brain parenchyma. He was trying his best to prevent its occurrence as much as possible.

Suhyuk shouted again, "Please call 119!"

The ambulance arrived in an instant.

Watching the whole situation all along until the ambulance with the patient left, Han Jihye mumbled, "Hmm... the situation must have been similar to this back then."

Stroking her chin in a pensive mode, she tilted her head and moved.

'Who do I have to interview first, the emergency crew who transported that Jaemyung HS student or the doctor?'

Suhyuk was right in front of her. Of course, she had to do the interview only after she talked to him first.



The next day, Suhyuk could see his parents' faces.

"Suhyuk, do not be afraid. Do not worry. Mom and Dad will get you out of here soon. You should not worry about anything."

Tears rained down from Kim Myunghee's cheeks, who was speaking to him in a calm manner. Before she met him, she vowed never to shed tears before her son because that would make him scared.

His father looked at his son quietly and said, "Good job."

He already knew why his son was led away here.

'I would not just sit idle and do nothing, be it a judge or prosecutor, if they are laying the blame on my son who saved a person's life... '

"I'm fine. I'll soon be right out of here, so don't worry!" said Suhyuk, smiling as brightly as he could. He felt he had committed an undutiful act to his parents like before.

'To vindicate it, I have to get out of here by all means... '

"Your interview time is up," said a detention officer. His mom became all the more impatient at his words.

"Suhyuk, I brought in some private food. Eat a lot! Just relax and feel at home while waiting, okay?"



News about Suhyuk made an internet sensation.

<What the heck? Why did the police detain him who saved a person's life? Hell to this country!>

< Are you kidding? Please release him quickly! How could you do that to him, when you should reward him!>

Vast numbers of comments supporting him were posted about on relevant news stories on the internet.



"Did you finish up the report about Lee Suhyuk? Let's do it quickly!"

The chief detective, who was checking the comments on internet, was nagging them.

There was intense pressure coming from the higher-ups, which was kind of a bluff to wrap up the case quickly before it became noisier.

"Yes, yes."

The detectives made a drowsy voice, but moved slowly like a slug.

The chief detective would laugh and talk loud, but he was uneasy this time.

That kid saved a person's life, and yet, was taken to the police station. Moreover he demonstrated his skill to save a man in the detention cell. A minor who gave proper first aid. Despite all this, they had wanted him to be charged in one way or another...



Meanwhile, Suhyuk's story was spreading to other places. Three broadcasting companies; they were competing to break the story first.

<A Mr. Lee attending a prestigious private high school saved a person's life with dramatic first aid, but unfortunately... >

"What?"

Kim Hyunwoo, who had been talking to Dongsu, fixed his eyes on the news.

Kim had not seen him for a while. He thought something happened to him, but decided to wait. And now, Suhyuk's story was aired on the news.

'Anyhow he's a great guy.'

"Yeah, do not worry too much," Kim Hyunwoo 's eyes were cool after talking to Dongsu.

'Someone reported to the police about him who saved a man's life with first aid? How dare did they take action against him?'

Kim stopped his finger from pressing the call button, and then threw his cell phone on the sofa. Even if he did not do anything, Suhyuk could handle it quite well by himself. Suhyuk was such a guy.

He muttered, taking beer to the mouth, "The people's voice is the voice of God..."

Chapter 26

"Come out."

The cold, steel-barred gate, opened with a noisy thump.

"Goodbye."

Suhyuk said goodbye to those staying with him in the detention cell.

"Goodbye. Don't come back here again boy."

"Even if you see a person panting for breath, just pass by next time. Hell to this damned world!"

They were expressing their voices critical of the people outside, citing the injustice done to Suhyuk.

Those languishing in the detention cell slowly waved their hands to Suhyuk.

When he was going out the cell, detective Kang said, "You had a hard time here, but you did well..."

Another detective added, "If this kind of thing happens again, you shouldn't do anything and report to the police next time."

The detectives who talked to Suhyuk laughed bitterly. He should have been freed much, much earlier. As for accidents that may arise from first aid by someone, he could get legal immunity as long as the patient did not die. In the case of Suhyuk, he was detained for as many as three days, even though he saved an emergency patient's life. As many as three days.

Even if the other side reported to the police, one day's investigation was sufficient. Or he could be investigated without detention. However, that was impossible because of the pressure from higher-ups. That made Lee Suhyuk bound tight.

When the normal became abnormal, the people in the world revolted.

Or a detention and investigation. But they could not do that. The pressure from above, it tied up Lee Suhyuk. The waves of rough voices were rolling on the Internet. Various experts criticized Suhyuk's case, citing specific cases, rulings, and the laws as if they were marketing themselves. When their voices filled all over Korea, there were no more directions from up on high. The pressure veiled by dark curtains, namely, the black hands of the powerful let go of Suhyuk.

"Take care!"

Nodding at the detectives' advice, Suhyuk laughed a bit.

He went out to the hallway. The remarks given by the detained men as well as the detectives came to his mind once again.

'Don't do that again. Should I listen? Just watching a dying person doing nothing myself?'

Suhyuk looked down at his two hands.

'If an emergency patient appears in front of me, I just pass by without doing anything...'

Suhyuk shook his head. He would never hesitate even then. This was not a technique. His hands could be helpful to those who are dying in vain.

'I would not stop if I can make the dangerously wobbling flames of embers back up.'

Firming up his determination like the first time, he passed through the building.

When he came out to the entrance, he had to make a blank face.

Click! Click!

The camera flashes burst out without break. Suhyuk's surroundings flashed around.

"What the heck is this..." Suhyuk could not speak at all.

He saw lots of cameras fixed on him, and many voices calling him out here and there.

"Student Lee Suhyuk! How are you feeling?"

"Suhyuk, look here!"

"Is your dream to be a doctor?"

And the students from Jaemyung HS, carrying placards as if they were here for a protest, kept shouting, "Lee Suhyuk! Lee Suhyuk!"

At that moment, Suhyuk felt something warm welling up from his heart suddenly, but finally swallowed it.

Click! Click!

Reporters were constantly pressing their camera shutters. Among them was a woman with her arms folded in a composed manner, shuffling her feet. It was Han Jihye, the reporter who reported the situation of Suhyuk first. Her small action shook the whole Korea. Her eyes glowed as she looked at his hands.

"Cute little guy. Hadn't I told you just to trust this sister?"

She laughed brightly while looking at him in the distance.

Thanks to that report, she was able to get a fast promotion.

She became a regular reporter, not an apprentice.

"How do you feel?"

At the mixed voice of journalists, Suhyuk scratched his head with his fingers.

Click! Click!

And finally he opened his mouth,

"My eyes are so dazzled."



Suhyuk, who arrived near his house with his parents, went to a meat house.

"Son, what do you want to eat? Say anything you want to eat."

"Eat this first."

Suhyuk's father put out a black bag. It was a cake of tofu.

"Honey, Suhyuk can't eat a lot of meat if he eats tofu. What should we order? Pork belly? Rib? What do you want to eat Suhyuk?"

"Any meat is fine."

"Okay, let's have ribs then. I know you like ribs."

A smile of relief did not disappear from Kim Myunghee's face, who was ordering food.

Suhyuk quietly looked at the plastic bag his father was holding. His rough hands caught his attention all the more. Not only were calluses formed on his hands, but cracks could be seen here and there.

'I am now taller than Dad. That made his heart sad without any reason. Dad went through a hard time because of this undutiful son... '

"Daddy, I want to eat tofu."

"Eat meat first," said his father bluntly.

"Just one bite," answered Suhyuk.

Only then did his father give tofu to Suhyuk. He bit the tofu, with the plastic bag removed only half way.

"Don't eat it anymore," said his father.

Did he not hear his father's words? Suhyuk already ate half of it.

"Suhyuk, if you eat it all, you can't eat meat. Stop eating it. Suhyuk?" Kim was surprised.

For tears were dripping from her son's eyes. Suhyuk, who ate tofu as if he had forcibly pushed it into his mouth, could not control his tears. Tears he suppressed in front of the police station now burst out.

He just hated himself because of his undutiful act to his parents, who obviously spent

sleepless nights worrying about him. At the same time he felt so regrettable about the time he had to spend at the detention cell.

"Oh my god, aren't you the very student who came out on TV, right?"

The boss who brought out the meat made a big noise.

"Why are you crying when you did such a wonderful thing?"

His mother, tapping him gently on the back, smiled softly and said,

"He is weak-minded."

That night was a long night for Suhyuk.



The next day. Suhyuk went back to the school like a celebrity with all eyes on him.

The students passing by here and there raised their thumbs without exception.

And Kim Hana. Meeting him in the hallway, she looked at Suhyuk with tearful eyes.

Suhyuk laughed a bit.

"Hi?"

Hana slowly moved her foot toward Suhyuk.

And she opened her mouth, wiping her tears with the back of her hand, "Are you okay?"

Suhyuk's look became even brighter.

"Well, you must have been bored without me, right?"

Like a child, she nodded silently, with dazzling tears dripping from her eyes.

Even the appearance of her crying could not be any prettier.

"Why are you crying?"

Suhyuk could not speak because she hugged him so tight.

Boohoo... boohoo...

A startled Suhyuk became a stone statue for a moment, but it was only very briefly.

"Why are you crying like a fool," said Suhyuk, caressing her shoulder.

"Thank God, what a relief!" she said.

'Did she change already?'

For her face, looking at him over his shoulder, looked icy cold.

"I'm so glad you're okay." Her voice whispered in his ear.

Chapter 27

A quiet classroom tinged with a bloody red sunset. There were the shadows of two people. They were none other than Choi Inbae and Kim Insoo. Insoo was looking out the window with a blank look on his face.

"I'm disappointed"

When Insoo said this, Inbae standing behind him scratched his head.

The bandage on his throat was a reminder of his accident in the past.

"Mom said it was time to stop... and if it was not for first aid, it would have been a close call," said Inbae.

Turning his gaze, he looked at Inbae. Insoo's face was soaked in the light of the sunset.

With a smile, in no time, he said to Inbae, "I must have been a jerk to believe your family."

Though that was an expression cursing both of his parents, Inbae could not say anything.

Insoo looked back out the window. He saw Suhyuk and Hana walking alongside the main gate of the school side by side. He imagined her having hugged him tight. Suhyuk, not just content with being a celebrity, was now taking Hana.

"Huh..." Insoo calmed down his troubled heart with quiet breathing.

'Premature. It is not the right time yet.'

Insoo found it burdensome to wreak havoc on Suhyuk who had just become a celebrity.

'All this happened because of... '

Insoo, turning back, looked at Inbae again, and said, "Useless motherfucker..."

Insoo went out of the classroom, thinking of Suhyuk wiggling under his feet.

'Wiggling like an earthworm.'



After school, they were walking down to the bus stop side by side; Suhyuk, Hana and Dongsu. The trees standing on both sides were as if they were bowing to the three. The trees, dressed in all white, made Hana admire them.

"How pretty!"

Hana, with a red nose, reached out her hands to take snowflakes falling from the sky.

Dongsu shook his head at the appearance of Hana sentimentalized over the falling snowflakes.

"Hey, this is trash falling from the sky. Just trash," said Dongsu.

Hana, narrowing her eyes, retorted sharply, "You are too dumb!"

Even that reproach of hers seemed beautiful.

"Yeah, I'm dumb. By the way, how many questions did you miss in the mock test?" Dongsu asked Suhyuk.

"Five."

"Monster!"

Dongsu again grabbed his head, shaking his head from side to side, because he missed half of the questions even though he burnt the midnight oil. Was he just no good at studying? Or was he really stupid?

"Oh, how much percentage of his brain did you say a man used? 10% or 20%? If I had used only 30%, I would have gotten the first in the whole school," said Dongsu.

Suhyuk laughed at his remark, saying "100%".

Dongsu and Hana looked at him as if they could not figure out what he was talking

about.

Certainly they heard about it somewhere. In magazines, newspapers, and on TV, there was something like 'one cannot even use half of his brain'.

"Actually we use our whole brain, but use it differently depending on time and place, and on the situation." Suhyuk said, touching his head with his fingers.

"Do you know how many nerve cells make up the brain?" asked Suhyuk.

"Well, damn many..." It was an expression befitting Dongsu.

"About 100 billion. We are using all of it. If there were any part in the brain that had no use, it would have atrophied and disappeared, with the head changed into only half the size."

Dongsu slowly nodded his head as if he agreed with his comment.

If a person used only a small part of the brain, there would be no problem in his everyday life even if the brain were severely injured. But what is the reality? Even if one gets even a minor brain injury, a disorder develops.

Like Suhyuk said, it seemed correct to say that a man used 100% of his brain.

Yes, it was obvious. For there was nothing he did not know as far as medicine was concerned.

"Oh..." Dongsu, who admired Suhyuk, suddenly hardened his look.

'If that's true, I'm using 100% of my brain like everyone else. Am I dumb from the start? Or do I have to say my brain is just dumb?'

His thinking having reached at that point, Dongsu scratched his cheek quietly.



They continued walking along the path, and their backs also loomed larger gradually over time. Those trees, standing on both sides of the path, changed the trios clothes a few times as they themselves changed as seasons passed.

Dongsu became much taller, Hana's beauty was pure and elegant like a full bloom that seemed to burst at moment, and Suhyuk was transformed into someone with a charming jawline.

Hana said with a grin, "Tomorrow, we're going to have the results of the midterm grade."

They already moved to their second year in high school.



Again, Suhyuk and Dongsu were assigned to the same class, while Hana was in another class. Dongsu clenched his fist.

"I'll get within 10th in the class."

Suhyuk nodded his head, saying, "You can make it because you worked so hard this time. The first place should go to Hana."

She smiled gently at this. Though it was a very mysterious smile, the two of them could never figure out the meaning behind it. *'Can Suhyuk's prediction be true?'*



A day passed like an arrow, and the three could now confirm their grades.

Lee Suhyuk, he got the first place in the whole school.

Looking at his grades, Suhyuk slowly nodded his head. Though he could not really believe that he got the first in the school, he made it, after all. He really worked hard, sleeping less than 5 hours a day.

"Wow! You, monster!"

Dongsu, looking at Suhyuk was just astonished.

In contrast, Suhyuk encouraged him.

"You can do better next time. School grades alone are not all you need to go to college."

If you do well in the SAT, you'll be alright. You've got plenty of time," said Suhyuk.

Dongsu scratched his head hard. Suhyuk's encouraging words was no comfort at all to him because he got 30th place out of 31. He beat only one person in the class during this one year. In addition to that, he got ahead of 50 others in the whole school. Those guys are really stupid enough to be beaten by him.

"Suhyuk!"

A sweet voice that could have flowed from the midnight radio. Suhyuk turned his head to the side. Hana was smiling there.

"Congratulations on your first place!"

Suhyuk sighed a bit inside. Beaten by him. she must have been upset very much, though she did not show any feelings. Suhyuk opened his mouth bitterly.

"Thanks."

Hana made a strange look, saying, "You were the first, but you don't look good?"

"How about you?"

"Me? I'm second."

"I'm sorry..."

Her eyes narrowed cutely.

"I guess you didn't say that to comfort me, right?"

Suhyuk could not open his mouth and smiled with a sorry expression.



Did he not get wind of what was going on? Three boys were casting cold gazes toward him over the windows in the hallway. They were a gang controlled by Insoo.

"He seemed to have cheated in the exam, right?"

"Without doing that, how could a guy like him get the first in the whole school?"

Their eyes were filled with distrust. In particular, Insoo was staring at him sternly.

What had they been thinking?

"Let's go!"

They disappeared from the spot in no time.



"Congrats again! By the way, my words alone aren't enough."

She touched her cell phone with her white fingers and then showed him her smartphone screen, She booked movie tickets.

"As a celebration gift, let me treat you to a movie!"

Her face looked bright as ever, as if she felt his first place were her own.

When Suhyuk made a perplexed look, she grinned.

Her two pupils seemed full of sharp pieces of glass, with Suhyuk reflected there.

'Congrats on your first place from the bottom of my heart.'

Chapter 28

It was Sunday.

Suhyuk was heading to the appointed place by bus to meet Hana.

'Movie... '

When he looked back, he had never gone to a movie theater.

For his time was consumed with studying all along.

Of course, he might have watched one before he lost memories due to the accident.

Suhyuk looked at the passing scenery through the bus window.

There was a doctor rushing somewhere, in a surgical suit with his white gown blown away.

Holding a coffee in his right hand, he seemed to be up against the wall.

Was it because there was an emergency patient?

Suddenly the man he met in his dream came to his mind. He handed down his medical knowledge to him. How could that happen? His medical knowledge was genuine medical practice that could be applied in the real world.

Was it something one could find in magazines or on the internet?

He saw occasional instances where people who wake up from a dream or a coma used another language as their mother tongue. For example, An Englishman who had never stepped on the land of China had an accident and woke up to speak the Chinese that he was not interested in.

Not only that, but often times, similar cases were found all over the world.

'Then, do I belong to that kind of group?'

Again there was no way for him to know.

"Oh my god! Look at that..."

"Oh my gosh. What should we do?"

Suhyuk turned his gaze at the turmoil in the bus. There was a traffic accident.

Although it did not seem like such a big accident, some of the people coming out of the bus grabbed their necks and waists.

Fortunately, the hospital was nearby.

When he saw the car accident, he could recall some old memories which were like a puzzle piece.

He had an accident while he caught a taxi to go to the private academy, and then amnesia came to him. He could not understand it one bit. Usually, amnesia occurs when the function of cerebrum is reduced due to concussion or from severe brain damage occurring from any other reasons.

Of course, psychological factors cannot be ignored. However, it's impossible that Lee Suhyuk who was a psychopath with a steely mindset in the past, went through emotional suppression.

No damage to his brain, and no psychological factors. *'What the heck...'*

While Suhyuk was absorbed in that thought, the bus arrived at its destination.

After shaking his thoughts, he got off the bus.

"You just arrived here?"

Hana, waiting at the bus station, waved and smiled at him.

She was wearing a casual attire with a red shawl. Nevertheless, her beauty glowed.

Suhyuk had a sorry face.

"Sorry, I was late, right?"

He came 10 minutes late for the appointment and it was very cold.

She shook her head gently.

"What's the big deal about 10 minutes late? It can happen. Let's go."

Both of them walked along. The streets were crowded with people.

"I heard this movie is really funny."

Hana, close to Suhyuk, showed him a relevant report on his cell phone.

The genre of the movie is a romantic comedy.

"Excuse me!"

Both of them raised their heads at the sudden voice.

A man in his early 30s in a clean suit. His gaze fixed on Hana, he gave a business card.

"You look really pretty."

Suhyuk received the card from him. Hana got scared and shrunk back, grabbing Suhyuk's arms with her hands. On the card was written Sole Entertainment.

The man laughed bitterly at Hana's behavior.

"I'm not a weird person. You know Idol Speed, right? I'm a team leader from their company."

Suhyuk's eyes became slightly bigger.

'Is this the so-called street casting? Is Idol Speed all the rage these days?'

"As a rule, I don't show my cards on the street, but you're so pretty."

"Suhyuk, let's just go," Hana said as if whispering to him.

Nodding his head, Suhyuk spoke on her behalf, "Let me think it over and contact you."

"Okay. Please do not hesitate to contact me."

Suhyuk and Hana passed by him, and the man did not take his eyes off the back of Hana as if he regretted the missed opportunity.



Holding popcorn and cola, Suhyuk and Hana went straight to their seats.

'Big screen... Have I ever sat in front of such a big screen?'

The movie started right after the promotional movie ads.

As the movie was a romantic comedy, people burst into laughter here and there. So did Suhyuk. But there was one person who did not, and it was none other than Hana.

He could find no trace of change in her facial expression.

Only the light reflected through the screen would change her face color.

Soon the movie ended, and people began to go out in a row.

"It was really fun."

Suhyuk nodded at her words.

"The movie was interesting enough to convey humour as well as impression to the audience."

"Let me treat you to a meal," Hana laughed at his words.

After eating spaghetti they stopped by a coffee shop and took the drink to go.



They walked along, chatting together. When it got dark in the evening, more people and neon sign lights filled the streets. They felt good, partly because the drinks were warm and it was the evening time.

"He's cute."

Suhyuk cast his gaze forward at Hana's words.

A little child, looking like a 7-year-old boy, was holding a cotton candy.

Like she said, the child who wearing red and had a red fur hat was pretty cute.

"Uh?" Hana's eyes became slightly enlarged.

A truck was passing by the child slowly.

At that moment, there was an uneasy sound coming from the beer bottles stacked high up in the truck. The moment she felt that way, she heard some tinkling sounds. Boxes containing beer bottles fell down after losing balance, and poured out.

"Sungkyu!"

The child's mother called her son urgently.

At the same time, a paper cup from Suhyuk tumbled about in Hana's way.

Tinkle, Tinkle.

The beer bottles falling on the floor crashed in all directions.

Hana was forced to make an absent expression. For Suhyuk swiftly moved himself to hug the child for cover and got buried in the beer boxes.

She moved very slowly, like a person who was totally distraught.

"Lee Suhyuk... You were not this type of person..."

Hana's hands, lifting as if to catch something invisible, trembled.



Dad held Hana's hand tightly.

"My darling Hana, what do you want to eat?"

She smiled brightly at her father.

"Um... pizza."

"Yes, let me buy everything my daughter wants to eat! You got first place in the whole class."

At that moment, a taxi stopped in front of them.

Bump. The door of the car opened, and a student who looked about Hana's age got out.

It was none other than Lee Suhyuk.

Chapter 29

Suhyuk, who got out of the taxi, had white earphones plugged into his ears.

The music was so loud that it could be heard by the two before him.

Suhyuk looked straight at them blankly. One could read from his face that he was thinking ‘why are you blocking the road?’

Hana, wrinkling her forehead, went face to face with the male student without avoiding his eyes.

She did not like his blatant and unpleasant gaze on her. He soon left.

“That’s ridiculous!” said Hana. She leered at him passing by her.

"Let's go eat the pizza that my daughter loves!"

Hana smiled brightly again at her dad’s voice.

"What kind of pizza do you want to eat?"

Her gaze fell down on her hand that suddenly felt empty at once.

Her dad had been holding her hand warmly, but it was empty now.

"Student!"

Hana turned her gaze to one side at her father’s voice.

"Dad!"

A surprised Hana rushed to the place her father moved. There was a gigantic, red H-beam erected slantly at one side, which could be used on construction plates. Eventually it fell down.

His father was blocking the giant H beam from falling off with his back. And

underneath it Suhyuk lay fallen down. When the H-beam was about to press down Suhyuk, he blocked it with his body. Blocked by his body.

"Student, get out of here quickly," came out an agonizing voice from her father who had been blocking the H-beam. Looking up slightly at him, Suhyuk got out of it.

And he spoke briefly, "Thank you." That was it.

Suhyuk turned his back and went to his destination.

"Dad!"

Hana, bruised on her knees when she collapsed, rose up again to approach her father. Then, she supported the beam with both hands, shouting, "Help me! Help me!"

However she shouted, there were no-one around.

"Hey, help me!" Hana fixed her gaze on the back of Suhyuk.

However, it was impossible that he could hear her voice, because only the sound of music was ringing in his ears.

At that moment a *Bang!* was heard.



Many people rushed into the place where there was smell of beer.

"Get rid of it quickly!"

"Oh my god..."

The beer boxes were removed by them.

Suhyuk was crouching his body. A voice spilled out of his mouth that did not move a bit.

"Are you okay?"

At the same time burst out a baby's crying from his bosom.

"Mom... boohoo, mom!"

Suhyuk, slowly rising from his seat, confirmed the child's condition.

"Huh..." Suhyuk's facial expression showed a sigh of relief.

Fortunately, the child seemed to have no injury anywhere. For he hugged the child tightly.

The child's mother rushed in haste.

"Sungkyu!"

Hugging the child in her arms, she thanked him continually.

"Thanks so much, student. Weren't you hurt?" she asked.

Only then did Suhyuk touch his shoulder with a smile.

Fortunately, he got only a light bruise as he was bumped by the boxes slipping off the truck.

Broken pieces of glasses bounced off everywhere but did not hit him.

He was lucky.

"You..." Hana slurred.

He smiled though, as if he were okay, at her whose body had become frozen like ice.

'Is he really breathing?'

A sigh came out from her mouth while was staring at him like a stone statue.

"Hah..."

Suhyuk approached her.

"Why did you do that? It was dangerous," said Hana.

Suhyuk scratched his head at her blunt tone.

"Doesn't matter because I wasn't hurt. Let's go," said Suhyuk.

"Are you okay?" said a man rushing over to Suhyuk.

He was the owner of the truck that carried the beer.

"Yes, I'm okay. Next time it looks like you have to fasten the boxes more tightly."

The man, nodding at his words, said, "Let's go to the hospital with me, just in case."

"I'm okay," said Suhyuk.

"Yeah, go to the hospital." said Hana.

"I'm really alright..."

Actually there was no dark bruising or bleeding caused by the destruction of cell tissue.

His muscles were fine and his bones were fine. Over a little time, his condition will improve.

"Go to the hospital!" shouted Hana.

He was embarrassed to hear her sharp voice with an angry tone.

It was the first time he found such a behavior in her.

"Yeah, come with me to the hospital," said the man.

His gaze fixed on Hana, Suhyuk nodded his head.

"Go to the hospital then. Let me go back home," she said, turning back.

At that moment, she was stopped by his voice.

"Hana, here is the card," said Suhyuk.

It was the business card he received from that guy, the team leader of an entertainment agency. It was soaked by spoiled beer. He made a sorry expression.

"Sorry, it's completely wet," said Suhyuk.

She sighed again.



Thud!

Hana opened the door and stepped into the porch.

After taking off her shoes she went inside. It's just an ordinary house. It's quiet as ever.

After taking a shower, she boiled one ramen and sat at the table.

"Thanks for the food." she said to herself.

With a blank expression, however, she soon turned to the sink without eating half of it.

She washed the dishes and dried her hair.

Then she sat in front of the desk. A small framed picture sat on the side.

In it was her dad smiling brightly with her.

"Dad..."

Hana looked at the frame quietly.

Wiping her wet eyes, she mumbled, "Dad, he has become weird. He's saved as many as three people's lives."

She looked at the picture briefly.

And then she was busy doing homework.

In no time she closed her notebook and stood up from the seat.

On her side was seen a business card printed Sole Entertainment.

It was slowly torn by her hands.



Casually dressed, Hana went out. An hour later, she arrived a traditional market.

She walked easily along the meandering alleys as if she were accustomed to it, and she saw a small restaurant sign.

Hana's Rice and Soup.

When she opened the door, a man in his early 50s welcomed her.

He was none other than Hana's father.

"Darling, I told you not to come here! You're coming every day..."

Approaching her, he was limping.

She sighed a little at him like that.

After the accident, he quit his job and opened a rice and soup restaurant.

"I'm just bored of being alone at home."

With a bright smile, she rolled up her sleeves to work.



The next day Suhyuk, who went back to school, could see Hana smiling lightly.

"Are you okay?"

Suhyuk smiled a bit, "Of course, it's only a light bruise."

Her face became brighter.

"I'm really glad to hear that. Don't do that from now on, okay? It's not just you who

gets hurt by a moment's judgment of yours. You have to think about your acquaintances and family members," said Hana.

Suhyuk nodded his head. She was absolutely right.

She is pretty and smart, and kind-hearted.

"Thanks."

"You're welcome. I'm really worried about you."

"Hey, did you make any trouble again?" asked Dongsu.

Suhyuk just smiled at his words.

"Let's go eat."

The three of them went to the food cafeteria.

A group of kids were watching them heading there.

"Insoo, you want to sit idle?"

Kim Insoo, who cherished Hana in his eyes, fixed his gaze on Suhyuk.

"I just have no idea how Hana likes and is hanging around with that bastard Suhyuk," said Donghyuk.

At his words Insoo uttered in a dry tone, "Shut up!"



It's 2 am.

Suhyuk, sitting at the desk, closed the workout book, and he wrote some letters on a Post-It card and put it in front of the desk.

SAT D-100 Day.

'Daehan Medical School, I'll surely be admitted there.'



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